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20 Cents

The Trinity in Modern Terms - - - 257
Rev. Latta Griswold, M.A.

The Poetry of Christina Rossetti - - - 266
Chauncey Brewster Tinker, Ph.D.

On Making a Meditation - - - 280
Rev. J. G. H. Barry, D.D.

A Plea for Specialists in Religion - - - 292
Rev. Andrew Chapman

The Worship of the Sacred Brain - - - 309
Richardson Wright

Theosophy and the Christian Faith - - - 316
Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie

The Chaplain Afloat - - - 327
Rev. Albert C. Larned, U.S.N.

Editorial Comment - - - 333

Book Reviews - - - 341

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Contributors and Contents for June

The Rev. Latta Griswold, Rector of Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass., has attempted in the first article to state the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity in simple modern language, in such a way that it may be made intelligible to the average layman. He does not of course profess to explain the doctrine of the Trinity so that it ceases to be a mystery.

Chauncey Brewster Tinker is Professor of English Literature in Yale University. He is the author of "Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney," "The Salon and English Letters," and other works. In "The Poetry of Christina Rossetti," he gives us an appreciative criticism of a poet with whose work Church people in this country are not as familiar as they should be.

The Rev. Dr. J. G. H. Barry, Rector of the Church of S. Mary the Virgin, New York, contributes out of his own wide experience some helpful suggestions as to how we may become more proficient in the valuable practice of meditation. Many are kept from making any progress in the science of mental prayer simply because they do not know how to go about it.

The Rev. Andrew Chapman is the Rector of S. James' Church, Cleveland, Ohio. In "A Plea for Specialists in Religion," he attempts a restatement of the problem of leadership in the Church. In substance this article was first read as a paper before the Cleveland Clericus.

Richardson Wright is already known to our readers. He is the Editor of *House and Garden*. His latest book, "Letters to the Mother of a Soldier," is having a large sale. In his present article, "The Worship of the Sacred Brain," he suggests an interesting line of attack upon Prussian *Kultur*.

The Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie has for twenty-seven years been rector of the Memorial Church of the Holy Trinity, Westport, Conn. He is the author of "An Angel of Light," which is reviewed in this number, "Anti-Christian Supernaturalism," "Divine Life for the Body," and so forth. In his article on "Theosophy and the Christian Faith," he points out the elements of truth in Theosophy as well as its errors, and shows how it fails to satisfy the needs of men, as they are satisfied by the Gospel of Christ.

The Rev. Albert C. Larned was for a time chaplain on the U. S. S. *Georgia*, and is now chaplain of the 6th Regular U. S. Marine Corps. In his article on "The Chaplain Afloat," he makes clear what are some of the limitations as well as the great opportunities of a chaplain in the Navy.

The American Church Monthly

*A Magazine of comment, criticism and review dealing
with questions confronting the Anglican Communion
and more especially the Church in the United States*

Volume III

JUNE, 1918

Number 4

The Trinity in Modern Terms.

BY REV. LATTI GRISWOLD, M.A.

IF one may begin a paper on so serious a subject as the Trinity with a personal remark, I may say ápropos of the title, that I am reminded of a brush with the chaplain (may he rest in peace!) who failed me in Theology before my ordination to the diaconate because I declined to "explain" the doctrine of the Trinity, although I offered to state it, to give biblical evidence in its support, and to define its implications. I have not ceased to regard that plucking as essentially unjust, but I have come to see that what the examiner probably wanted from me was something of what I am now endeavoring to put upon paper.

I have always had sincere sympathy with the old lady who, when asked to give her opinion of a preacher, summed up her sense of his helpfulness with the exclamation, "O, the comfort of that blessed word *Mesopotamia!*" For there are cadences and harmonies in the offices and creeds of the Church, in her Psalter and Liturgy, that evoke sacred associations and tender memories whether or not the words are fully understood or the ideas apprehended. So the Athanasian Creed has a sonorous roll that befits the enunciation of the attributes of the Almighty, and with oecumenical authority it defines the doctrine of the

Trinity (together with that of the Person of Christ) more carefully than is the case with the definition of any other dogma of the faith. So precisely, indeed, that however difficult of acceptance it may be regarded, there can be no doubt what is the belief of the Church on the subject. But, although we admit that its language is precise, scientific, and not open to misconception on the part of even an elementary theologian, we do well to recall that the Athanasian terminology has long since passed out of popular usage, that in some respects it popularly connotes different ideas from those current in the days of the Catholic Fathers, and that its repetition (an advantage or disadvantage with which our branch of the Anglican Communion does not have to reckon) does not ensure a correct apprehension to the lay mind of the doctrine thereby expressed. It would therefore seem one of the functions of the preacher at the present time to interpret dogma in terms understandable of the people, in obedience to the divine precept to pour old wine into new bottles.

It should not be necessary (though obviously it is somewhat generally so) to urge that the preacher's first concern is himself to understand the formula which the Church has imposed; for frequently, one fears, it is something quite different from the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity that is popularly preached as the teaching of the Prayer Book on the nature of God. We must insist at least that theological students be aware of the fact when they are teaching the people something different, whether true or not, from that which is committed to them by the Church. It is surely a more logical (if not more ethical) position for a teacher in the Church to aver that he does not believe the faith of the Church, than it is for him while using the phraseology which the Church puts into his mouth to explain it away by his comments thereon. It is all very well to have new bottles,—there is indeed great need for them; but to what end, if all the old wine be spilled in the process of pouring?

However great importance we attach to the authoritative definitions of dogma, irrevocable as we may legitimately hold

them to be, no one supposes that the definitions in finite terms of infinite concepts can be anything but approximate: on the very highest ground, that they can be anything but the divinely-guaranteed expressions that enshrine the transcendent truth. We are conscious, or should be, that through the crystal words we are gazing into the unfathomable depths of the divine nature. God cannot be "explained." One is not so naïve as to suggest that even rightly apprehended the Creeds divest the Godhead of mystery. When we recall that our own being, the eternity from which we came, the eternity into which we go, the inexplicable trinity of body, mind, and spirit that make up our personality, all are veiled in impenetrable mystery, we do not expect that the Divine Being will resolve himself into a simplicity that we can understand as we understand such concrete facts as that 2 plus 2 equals 4, that the sum of the three angles of a triangle equals two right angles, or that a mixture of blue and yellow will produce green. These things can be proved by practical experiment. But the mysteries of being are apprehended in no such simple fashion. Each one of us is a highly organized individuality, possessed of a body obeying all the laws of physics and chemistry, possessed of a mind with its infinite complexities of perception, reason, relation to matter, imagination, hopes, fears, passions, aspirations; possessed further of a spirit, an ego, that unites all these functions and activities into one, the existence of which it is necessary for us to postulate in order to conceive of the universe at all. We never disassociate ourselves from these complexities: they are as familiar as the air, and as mysterious as the wind. But reduce them to formulae, explain them as much as we will, and considerable exposition is possible and has been accomplished, and we are but deeper in the heart of mystery. But the more we know, the further are we initiated into the consciousness that at the heart of mystery is eternal truth, and that the end and aim of our being is to reach it, know it, make ourselves at one with it. So the Divine Being must remain veiled in impenetrable mystery as our being remains; and yet just as from impenetrable mystery there has flashed into consciousness the things we call *ourselves*,

whose desires, needs, feeling, thinking, willing, are importunate and continuous; so from the heart of impenetrable mystery there once flashed into time and consciousness a personality, so gracious, so benign, so serene and lovely and courageous, so a-fire with beauty and with truth, that when he says, as he did unmistakably, *I came forth from God*, with Simon Peter of old, we fall to our knees in adoration and confess, *Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Thou hast the words of truth and life.*

After all is not this very much what happened? There is singularly little need of the theological faculty in a first effort to understand the spontaneous process by which the doctrine of the Trinity crystalized from the Apostolic experience and was formulated by the Fathers. There is need rather for an ingenuous and lively imagination that with good will can transport itself back into those translucent days when Jesus walked the shores of Galilee and the hillsides of Judea, that with fresh interest can read the evangelical record of that springtime of eternity when God visited his people and when the fishermen of Gennesareth knew that in companying with the Master they were in the way of truth and life. At this stage of apprehending what the experience of the Church actually was theological learning is at a discount, is almost undesirable; it were well for the sake of the investigation, if we could quite dispense with it temporarily, certainly with its stereotyped phrases, however valuable we know them to be and however solidly convinced we may be that they are the very crystals themselves that are the result of the process we observe. Such fresh investigation of the revelation of doctrine must ever repay him who makes it; he will emerge from it with a clarity of vision and a clearness of understanding that will rarely be secured for him by many erudite pages adorned with hieroglyphics of scholarship and their multiple references (as it sometimes seems) to everything that has ever been written. It is a way along which the lay mind may be easily and persuasively led so that the soundest doctrine may be inculcated without the dry-as-dust connotation that doctrinal preaching so often carries with it for the man in the pew.

For conceive the elements in the situation that led to the crystalization of the dogma of the Trinity, the mind of the Church working on the data of revelation. The little band of the disciples of Jesus already had intense faith in the Eternal God behind phenomena, the first cause and source of all things, creator of the creation; they believed that he had already spoken through prophet, priest, and king; that he continually spoke in the course of history, in the marvelous preservation and guidance of their own people, and in the doom of nations. In Jesus they were passionately convinced that they were witnesses of the love and mercy, the eternal good, that is at the heart of the invisible God. They were in love with him with a love deeper and more satisfying than any they had known or could know. They saw him die a glorious death, sacrificing himself for others. They beheld him risen from the dead, and watched him disappear into the invisible. He was God, and he was man. He was all they conceived as divine, of love, goodness, tenderness, strength, beauty; he was all they meant by human, courageous, devoted, moved by our natural passions, who wept and laughed and joyed and sorrowed as they themselves did, and yet kept himself unspotted. Thomas expressed their attitude in his breathless exclamation, *My Lord and My God!* He was their divine Friend, and yet, as they knew, he was their perfect brother, born of woman. Hence they confessed with one mouth that they believed in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his Son, the Lord, the Word, the Image, the Revelation of God, God the Son.

But there was another element in the situation, germane to the process. God the Father was invisible; Christ passed into the invisible, to reign as they ardently believed at God's right hand; but shortly after, according to his promise, they felt descend upon them a heavenly influence, the Spirit at once of God their Father and of Christ their Friend, a Spirit who breathed upon them heavenly grace, who was to direct and rule their hearts, guide them deeper and deeper into the knowledge of the truth, to make them more and more consciously united with the divine, which union was life eternal. He, too, for they

confused him neither with Father nor Son,* was God, the Spirit of God and of Christ. They had definitely different experience of each, of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

But it goes without saying that these Jewish followers of Jesus had not suddenly come to believe in three gods. Of course, all these experiences, these influences, manifestations, revelations, were of one ineffable God. In short they conceived of and experienced God in three ways—as Father, God the Creator, the Source of all things; as Son, Jesus Christ, Lord and Leader, Captain of their salvation and friend of their souls, the Head also of the body which they themselves constituted and called the Church; and as Holy Ghost, the divine Spirit, Inspirer, Strengtheners, Comforter, who dwelt in their hearts.

Here we have the essential elements of the doctrine of the Trinity, the data so to speak upon which the Church, divinely guided as they and we believe, had to go in stating for her children in successive generations what must be believed about the nature of God; none to be neglected, unrecognized, disparaged. In their concept of eternity all their ideas of divinity centered in ONE, the Godhead; but in their concept of time—that is, of the divine in relation to the human—their ideas of divinity centered in THREE, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

One suspects that were the intellectual work of the Catholic Church, such as for example crystalized in the doctrine of the Trinity, to be undertaken afresh, and were the experience of the Apostolic Christians to be recorded anew in technical language for the safe-guarding of the vital truth of that experience and for its handing on from age to age, we would get again just what has already been entrusted to us by the Church—the exact equivalents of the Creeds. And in making this statement the fact that we believe that work to have been divinely

* It would be incredible that the nice distinctions St. Paul, for example, continuously makes could spring from anything but a consistent differentiation of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in his settled belief. The same can be said of all New Testament writers, and of their reports of our Lord's own words, as has been demonstrated a thousand times.

guided is entirely ignored. Eliminating for the sake of argument our confidence in the work of the Holy Spirit in formulating belief, it is difficult to see what other dogmatic statement could have been deduced from the data at hand—the age-long Jewish monotheism, the wonderful companying with Jesus, the vivid experience of Pentecost and the power in which henceforth the Apostles worked and preached and baptized.

It would be a work of superogation to indicate again how successive heretical “explanations” of the Trinity in the past have failed to do justice, not merely to the Catholic dogma (that is obvious), but to the data they attempted to account for. And it is doubtful if those hoary heretical controversies have nowadays any practical value. We are grown so away from the phraseology then current and even popularly understood (one recalls riots in connection with the word *ὁμολογία*) that those musty debates no longer illuminate the truth, and it is to be hoped that more writers of theological treatises will share this opinion. A new apologetic is needed, and as a sample of the sort that has at least begun to be provided it is a pleasure to refer to Professor Drown’s recent *The Apostles’ Creed To-day*. I am far from feeling that Dr. Drown make the most of his case, but the manner in which he conducts it leaves little to be desired. After all the Church makes little of temporary attacks on her position, and certainly in the two august creeds that our part of the Church regards as sufficient, she contents herself with uttering the great facts of her experience of God and of the revelation through the Lord. And that she is wise in doing so is sufficiently attested by the collapse of Liberal Criticism (in the sectarian sense of that term) and the subtle but merciless destruction of the “Historical Jesus” in the very land where within a century he was created.

Men always respond to a vigorous, fresh, and clear preaching of the faith; and one ventures to believe that is because the spiritually illuminated respond to spiritual truth just as the logical mind welcomes and assimilates intellectual truth. The history of old heresies is singularly dull. A heresy itself soon loses inspiration after the one-sided genius who develops

it passes from the scene. It is only at the moment of birth that its freshness or novelty wins sympathy and support.

The Christian doctrine of God is receiving unexpected illumination in an unlikely quarter at the present time. Those of us who have been reading Mr. H. G. Wells' clever books for the past ten years or so have been feeling strongly that he was on his way to be converted; therefore we were not surprised when he announced that fact in his *Mr. Britling sees it through*, and his *God the Invisible King*; but Mr. Wells, always original, instead of adapting his conversion to Christianity, promptly swept the entire Christian tradition into the scrap-heap. Conscious only of the human elements in it, he rejected it *in toto*, and set about to construct a brand new theology of his own. And with what result? First, we have him acknowledging in the eternal background the incomprehensible source of all things; that which we call the Creator, he prefers to call the Veiled Being. Then next he discovers God, the invisible King, the Leader, the Captain, the exemplar of heroic and splendid virtue. For all Mr. Wells' glowing rhetoric his figure seems rather unsubstantial because it is devoid of background, has no roots in history, or, as we would say, has not been "revealed." But also, as if aware that substance of some sort must be given him, Mr. Wells also conceives him,—nay, *knows* him,—as inspirer of goodness, truth, bravery, beauty, all the things that Mr. Wells particularly likes. Now, if we put out of our minds Mr. Wells' rather silly and very superficial attack on scholastic theology, if we admit and pass over the fact that he entirely neglects the tremendous rôle God must play as *saviour* in this world of sin and horror, and if we do see that he has created his God in his own image, nevertheless, I think we must strongly feel that essentially he thinks of God, despite all his protests, in a trinitarian fashion. His Veiled Being, his bright invisible Friend, and his Comrade of the soul, are very analogous to our own conception of God, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Logically developed, Mr. Wells' new religion would become a lop-sided Catholicism, a Catholicism stripped of the imagery, the rapt seraphic fire of the Prophets, of the Gos-

pels and their beautiful story of Jesus, of the Church and its heroic history under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; stripped, that is to say, of all the poetry and tradition and philosophy that give Christianity historic value, intellectual life and colour, and spiritual beauty and substance. Discount the mud-throwing and the stupid ignorance of history evident on every page, Mr. Wells' *God the Invisible King* is an extraordinary commentary on the way in which the divine spirit works on the human mind; a vivid illustration of how, humanely speaking, the dogma of the Trinity crystalized; and infinitely more, by its manifest inadequacies, it is a testimony to the divine authority of the Catholic doctrine of God.

It is in current heresies that we will find indirect confirmations of Christian dogma. And if they are to be refuted by sound and scholarly argument, they must first be examined with a genuine desire to understand them. But the danger to faith lies not so much in frank attack from without the fold as from within, in the undermining on the part of those within who, while using traditional terminology, under the pretense of simplifying the definite ideas it conveys explain them away. We need a new apologetic which will explain the terms in popular language for the sake of preserving and propogating the faith. The doctrine of the Trinity is but the first of many dogmas that requires such exposition.

The Poetry of Christina Rossetti

BY CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER, PH.D.

“**H**OW beautiful a thing to be no more than five years old,” wrote Christina Rossetti of one of her nieces.

“How beautiful a thing,” some admirer of Miss Rossetti’s verses might say, “to be thus perpetually childlike in spirit.” Poets have a way, sometimes, of seeming to defy the process of the years, carrying with them, often into old age, the simplicity and the spontaneous gentleness of the young child. It was so with William Blake; it was so, within much shorter limits, of the boy Chatterton; it was so with Christina Rossetti. Such childlikeness of spirit as is found in these authors is not always recognized as a high literary quality, and to write of it is no easy task. It is to recommend the obvious—though not the obviously popular—and it is to incur, perhaps, the charge of recommending a kind of beauty that may safely be left to take care of itself. What has the critic to do with simplicity? It is his business to analyze; and simplicity and gentleness, being elemental qualities, are not susceptible of analysis and do not repay the student of literary origins. In the case of Miss Rossetti simplicity is linked with an exalted spirit of renunciation and an abnegation of self that is peculiarly difficult of appreciation in an age that has consistently sought individualism in life and art. To dwell on its charm is like pointing out the beauty of a November landscape to one who has known only the gaudier charms of May and October. In this day of noisy art, when poets are splashing their canvases with emerald and scarlet, when repose has been forgotten and the whole creative realm is generally anarchic, it is no simple task to speak of the beauty of quiet tones and of the joy of a noble conformity to what an earlier generation believed to have been proved historically best. It is to seek peace and ensue it.

Even in her own day Christina Rossetti was not always loved for what was most characteristic of her genius. She suffered somewhat, I imagine, from the connection of her name with that of her brother and from her early identification with the

Pre-Raphaelite School. Her poetry has been incessantly compared with that of Dante Rossetti, from whose somewhat sultry romanticism her own art was very far removed. The very name Rossetti had about it to most readers a suspicion of melodrama; they recalled vague tales of a startling marriage, of chloral, of exotic beasts frisking about long-haired poets in Chelsea, and of poems coffined with a dead wife. Considered merely as the gentle sister of her amazing brother, Christina Rossetti could hope at best only for such mild interest as is elicited by a Byronic heroine, some Medora, let us say, wanly clinging about the picturesque iniquity of her hero. Moreover, the name of Dante Rossetti is inseparably connected with the fame of a conscious and deliberate literary movement; but Christina's connection with that movement is hardly more than accidental. She had no theories and no sources. Hers is not, primarily, the literary and pictorial art of the Pre-Raphaelites. Her verse betrays no noticeable literary influences; here and there, to be sure, she makes use of a quotation from the Italian, and her sonnet-sequence, *Monna Innominata*, is avowedly modelled on Petrarch and on the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; but resemblances do not go beneath the surface, and her whole literary indebtedness is of the slightest.

There was, similarly, no professionalism in her life, no hankering after fame, no pride in her achievement, no gnawing ambition, and no dreams of rivalry. She had no theories about woman's place in life, and promptly declined to be drawn into the feminist movement. Least of all had she any wish to move in the brilliant circle of painters and poets into which her brother might easily have introduced her. She was scarcely accessible to visitors. Her family sufficed her, and even within that narrow circle—a circle which was ever narrowing—she maintained a certain reserve. The few who were privileged to meet her there speak of the gravity and aloofness of her manner. She was like a pillar of cloud, says Mr. Gosse, “a Sibyl whom no one had the audacity to approach.” Her brother, William, tells us that there was a stately courtesy even in the closest of her family relations, which she displayed from early childhood.

Her verse-writing was, even for the family, a thing apart, and no one ever saw her in the act of composition. Thus in her general retirement of life she is more like her sister, Maria Francesca of the nunnery of Saint Margaret, than like a high priestess in the more pagan sanctuary of Pre-Raphaelitism. Like William Cowper, the shy recluse of Olney, she was probably better known to her readers than to her few visitors; and those who aspire to know her today will learn much more from her poems than from the volume of familiar letters published by William Michael Rossetti, or the eloquent biography of Mr. Mackenzie Bell. The perusal of the letters leaves a reader baffled, with a feeling that he has not penetrated beyond the outworks of her personality; but to read the poems is to experience an intimacy of association and a lively affection such as one feels for the memorials of a friendship that has been closed by death. There are intimacies in her work which make the reader catch his breath, a sharpness of outline, a verisimilitude in his association with the author which is only strengthened by the intense simplicity of her utterance, by what some might call its commonplaceness—were it, indeed, commonplace. It is as though one had discovered a spring welling up into life at his very door.

It would be a mistake to convey the impression that the familiar note in Miss Rossetti's work is in any sense domestic. She admits us to the intimacy of her spirit, not to that of her home. But there was nothing of poverty or dullness in her spirit. The first discovery that the reader, newly admitted to that intimacy, has to make is that he is in the presence of a woman endowed with a sense of the richness of the material as well as of the spiritual world. If she came to feel that the heavenly world was fairer and more desirable than the earthly, it was certainly not because of any dullness to the material glories of this world. She had a highly developed love of color, of perfume, and, above all, of the joys of the sense of taste. There was probably never a poet who referred more often to the delightful lusciousness of fruit. Crivelli himself hardly rivals her in the depiction of

Currants and gooseberries,
Bright, firelike barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the south,
Sweet to tongue, and sound to eye.

It is not only in *Goblin Market*, that glorification of the goddess Pomona, that we find such lines; wherever we open her volumes we run upon her favorite orchard similes:

Was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
O fruitful vine amid a land of dearth. . . .

There lurk a hundred subtle stings
To prick us in our daily walk;
An apple cankered on its stalk,
A robin snared for all his wings.

There is thus in her work a much simpler delight in the more obvious aspects of nature than we find in the Pre-Raphaelite poets with their sense of enclosure in palace chambers far away. She could, on occasion, adopt a manner like her brother's, and erect a glowing throne fit for a Beata Beatrix:

Raise me a daïs of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys.

But in general there are few poems that seem to align her definitely with the Pre-Raphaelites. The only noticeable one is the perplexing poem about which no two critics have been found to agree, the *Prince's Progress*, and her experiment with this type does not lead us to regret that she did not care to try her skill at it a second time. In the end it will probably be found that the *Prince's Progress* owes its life to the lovely designs made for the poem by Dante Rossetti and to the lyric

with which it is brought to a close. Its vague and wandering story is like that of the exotic "ballads," half fairy tale, half Pre-Raphaelite painting, of which class Morris's *Blue Closet* is perhaps the best-known example. It is characteristic of this sort of poem that it is for ever suggesting a meaning which is as constantly elusive. The *Prince's Progress* may or may not have a hidden or allegorical meaning—the author averred that it had not—but it almost certainly has no moral. The fabric is too slight and dreamlike to support the burden of a deliberate "lesson"; it is a series of scenes witnessed in fairyland forlorn, and the prince is as fated, and no doubt as innocent, as one who moves through the shifting imagery of a dream. The concluding lines,

Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late;
You loitered on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate,

have, it is true, the piercing note of frustrated hope, but are surely not intended as the analysis of a moral defect. The inspiration of the passage is lyrical, not ethical.

In one quality very dear to the Pre-Raphaelite School, though certainly one to which they have no peculiar claim, Miss Rossetti surpassed all her associates—in naïveté; but the quality is to be considered as springing from the very soul of the woman, and in no sense assumed out of deference to the theories of a group of literary innovators. She had, by nature, the unpremeditated quality which her brother so greatly admired in Chatterton and so studiously imitated; but it is hers without the effort which one sometimes feels in Dante Rossetti's work, and has about it no suspicion of insincerity. Indeed it is not properly a literary achievement at all; for she wrote as she did because she had to, and, one fancies, without much study or revision. The unprofessionalism of her work contains at once the secret of her charm and the explanation of her frequent and lamentable failures. At her best, her naïveté is as eloquent as that of Dante Rossetti in the earlier version of *The Blessed Damozel*, when he wrote,

Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water, even.

There is a certain homeliness in Miss Rossetti's verses which is frequently very near to the sudden eloquence of a child,

Red and white poppies grow at her feet,
The blood-red wait for sweet summer heat,
Wrapped in bud-coats hairy and neat.

It is seen almost continuously in the imagery of *Goblin Market*.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck,
Like a rush-embedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

The whole poem is a tissue of such loveliness crossed by odd freaks of homeliness, as in the passage where the two girls

Fetch'd in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house.

In this union of color and drabness, this interweaving of gold thread with homespun, resides the peculiar trait of Miss Rossetti's style. There are times when her plainness brings her near to prose as in the striking lyric, *At Home*, where the returned ghost seeks out the much-frequented house, to find old friends feasting beneath the orange-boughs and sucking the pulp of plum and peach, unmindful of yesterday;

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth.

Those who demand a flawless art and a Parian finish, splendidly regular, may shudder at such lines. They will enjoy Miss Rossetti only at moments; for there are strange intervals in her music and homely irregularities in her pattern. She has the unfinished plainness of the earlier Gothic style; she shares its instinct for ornament, but never develops into that wealth

of decoration which marks its later stage. We feel the presence of an artist with a rudimentary sense for neatly-placed enrichment, but at the same time unafraid of simple, unbroken lines, unafraid even of bareness. There are instances of sheer flatness, when her pinions seem to snap, and she relapses into a Wordsworthian ugliness,

The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck;
Only the fox is out, some harmless duck
Or chicken to surprise;

but there are hosts of others where the mingled notes of celestial intensity and the familiarities of every day unite in perfect harmony.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him whom angels
Fall down before
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

It would be as ungracious as it is unnecessary to dwell upon the failures into which this trait sometimes leads the poet. At her worst she is scarcely above the level of Tennyson when he wrote such inanities as "O darling room so warm and bright," or "The child was sitting on the bank"; and, as in the case of the laureate, her failures do not seem to be confined to any period in her life or any tendency in her poetry. Those who wish to pursue the unhappy task of discovering how near she could come to bathos may read *No, Thank You, John*, in her first volume, or the poem, in her third volume, entitled *Johnny*, the story of a boy whose golden locks were shorn to save his mother's life—a somewhat unpromising theme.

A more serious flaw in her work is insipidity and mere prettiness. There is too much about doves and their cooing, too

much about lambs and robin redbreasts. But even this is but the obverse side of a very pleasant aspect of her work. She had a love for the humbler creatures of the universe which goes far toward supplying the lack of human interest in her work which some have professed to feel. She liked mice and moles, squirrels, wombats, and caterpillars, whatever, indeed, suggests the soft warmth of fur and feathers. She wrote pleasant verses for children on such subjects, but did not neglect her favourites even in more dignified efforts:

As a mouse
Keeping house
In the fork of a tree,
With nuts in a crevice,
And an acorn or two.

The unpremeditated strains in her work often suggest the artlessness of the popular ballad. Happily she never attempted an actual imitation of the old ballad of the people, that will o' the wisp so often pursued by the Pre-Raphaelites; but she comes, quite unconsciously, nearer to its real character of grotesqueness, harshness, and flamelike intensity than Dante Rossetti or William Morris ever approached. The very title, *The Poor Ghost*, has the ring of popular poetry, and its theme is essentially that of Sweet William and Fair Margaret:

I go home alone to my bed,
Dug deep at the foot and deep at the head,
Roofed in with a load of lead,
Warm enough for the forgotten dead.
But why do your tears soak through the clay,
And why did your soles wake me where I lay?
I was away, far enough away,
Let me sleep now till the Judgment Day.

I do not know whether Miss Rossetti had ever studied the ballads and their peculiar narrative method. Her superficial resemblance to their manner does not necessarily imply a conscious indebtedness; for, being unspoiled by self-consciousness, she fell naturally into the popular manner of thought and utter-

ance. One device of the ancient style, which she employed with striking effectiveness, may perhaps have been deliberately taken over from the antique—I refer to the well-known ballad method of question and answer. That peculiar form of dialogue between the soul of man and the embodiment of the inexorable forces of Fate, in which the balladist delighted, she managed with consummate skill. The best-known of all her poems, *Up-Hill*, attests the power with which she could reproduce the eternal dialogue of Life and Death:

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend. . . .
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

This method she used repeatedly, notably in *The Three Enemies* and in *Christian and Jew*.

Another aspect of popular poetry with which she was endowed is rapidity of style. Metrically it is seen in her fondness for the short line; but the significance is deeper than this. In all her best work the lines move with the greatest ease, and at times they come fairly racing along, treading on one another's heels, crowding into life—as in that remarkable description of the approach of the goblins:

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping;
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing.

It is found in her later as well as in her earlier work, and in her devotional as well as in her secular pieces. A fine use of it may be quoted from her Easter Carol:

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen, and all the earth's at play. . . .
Bud, fig and vine,
Bud, olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine,
Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.
Uplift thy head,
O pure white lily through the winter dead.

It was, no doubt, this lyric swiftness of movement which elicited the admiration of Swinburne, and led him to write the address to Miss Rossetti in which he demanded more "sweet water from the well of song." To the true song rapidity and simplicity of movement are indispensable. Christina Rossetti was, as Swinburne knew, pre-eminently a singer, and all her good work, except, perhaps, the sonnet-sequence, partakes of the singing quality. There is nothing in her pageant of *The Months*, which is in the slightest degree dramatic or even narrative, but it will endure, I think, as a series of very beautiful lyrics. *Goblin Market*, without containing a single song, sings itself from beginning to end, and we have seen that *The Prince's Progress* is redeemed from failure by a lyric. For perfect ease of movement some of her songs are, I venture to think, unsurpassed in the language:

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

Between the simple lyric such as that and the more elaborate verse-forms in which she continually composed, there is the subtle relationship of facile music. In the larger stylistic features of sonnet and rondeau, and the peculiar developments of which they are susceptible, she seems, at times, not to be deeply interested. Her sonnets are certainly among her finest works, and are perhaps the best of her later poems; but they are sometimes sonnets in form only, poems fourteen lines long. The metrical form was never the dominant factor in her work. She regarded it as the servant of her thought; but she was an indulgent mistress, and sometimes failed to make full use of the capacities of her servant. Her sonnets are primarily meditative poems, and despite the occasional brilliancy of her earlier ones, such as "Remember me when I am gone away," and "O earth, lie heavily upon her eyes," her fame as a sonneteer must repose chiefly upon her two sequences, *Monna Innominata* and *Later Life*. These, like her other poems, are remarkable chiefly for their simplicity and ease. So almost conversational in style is she that at moments we seem to be eavesdropping upon her lonely moments of self-examination.

I wish I could remember that first day,
First hour, first moment of your meeting me,

she whispers to herself, and "I loved you first," and

Thinking of you and all that was and all
That might have been and now can never be. . . .

The subject-matter of these sequences ushers us at once to the commonest criticism of her work, its sadness. Reviewers of her own poems spoke habitually of her "mood of melancholy reverie." Dante Rossetti once told her that she seemed to be "seated by the grave of buried hope." Now her work is at times, and often for protracted periods, sad in theme; but the extent and nature of that sadness remain to be estimated. An unbiased examination of her work reveals the rather remark-

able fact that her latest volumes are, if anything, less melancholy than her earliest one. Although she never produced a second *Goblin Market*, she by no means lost the power of writing happy verse. *Freaks of Fashion*, a poem published nearly twenty years after *Goblin Market*, reveals her in a positively playful mood; and the whole of her pageant—whatever its poetical value—is as wholesome—the word is her own—as the processes of Nature which it sings. But a mere enumeration of happy poems hardly bears upon the point. Of the poems that can fairly be called sad, what is the nature of the sadness? Personally, I should not apply to it the word melancholy. She is no singer of mere hopelessness. The Laureate of frenzied melancholy is James Thomson, not Christina Rossetti. Nor has she anything of the pensive skepticism which was so often the staple of Victorian lyric. World-weariness is a properer phrase for it; but it is a very different kind of world-weariness from that which ordinarily makes its appearance in verse. When Dante Rossetti spoke of his sister as seated by the grave of buried hope, he forgot that the grave was a very different thing to her from what it was to him. To him it was the end-all; to her it was the cradle of the soul, the seed-place of the spiritual life. Saint Paul had much to say of the grave, but few would venture to call him melancholy; yet his writings are filled with a very literal world-weariness. He is “ready to be offered,” dies daily, and eagerly awaits his departure which is “at hand.” It is this spirit which fills the poems of Christina Rossetti; to belittle it or regard it as the merely conventional utterance of a pious woman is completely to misconstrue her thought.

It is important to realize that her melancholy became with the years more austere and solemn. Too much has been made of the fact that she was disappointed in love. That fact is abundantly evident to anyone who will open a volume of her poetry; it needs no critic, come from his happy hearthstone, to point this out to us. Miss Rossetti has been represented as guilty of a futile self-immolation, as sacrificing her life's happiness to a scruple, and suffering from an emotional re-

action towards remorse. Now it is certainly true that she never forgot the pain of her renunciation of the man whom she truly loved; but it is equally true that she mastered her grief and brought it into subjection to her faith, and that is the theme of *Monna Innominata*. She had come to feel that the fruition of her love was reserved for a later life. Thus she made the same essential use of her unfulfilled passion that she believed Dante to have made; she, like the great poet whose ardent student she was, looked to another world, "con miglior corso e con migliore stelle." In her own words, she forgoes "but to claim anew."

Soul, dazed by love and sorrow cheer thy mood;
More blest art thou than mortal tongue can tell.
Ring not thy funeral but thy marriage bell.

Such words as these can be called hopeless only by those who conceive of her as having based her hopes on stubble. The real burden of despair, in such a case, lies not so much on the heart of the poet as on the heart of the critic. He may, in truth, conceive of such words as the following as utterly empty:

A little while, and age and sorrow cease,
A little while, and life reborn annuls
Loss and decay and death, and all is love;

but to her they were genuine and instinct with a belief in a world far more truthful than this. It is but the foolish who "nurse their hearts within the screen of this familiar world"; the wise "launch forth with hardier heart across the main." But Miss Rossetti's critics have been slow to appreciate her audacity of faith, and have too often fallen into the error of regarding her poetry as the feeble reflection of a conventional piety. Her nunlike spirit must await the passing of a generation that knows not the meditative life. But meanwhile it would seem to be merely fair dealing to acknowledge the difference between the sadness of despair and the sadness of im-

patience. There is a solemn sense of anticipation in such lines as

All glories that are high or low,
East or West,
Grow dim to thee who art so fain to go.

It is the straining of a soul in bondage towards that home which "lies beyond the stars and the sea"; it is the preparation for that Vita Nuova to which Sorrow and Love have pointed the prisoner of hope. And so at times she thirsts for death, and cries aloud:

Unveil thy face, O Death, who art not Death,

because by Death alone can the pilgrim be released for his ascent into the world of crystal spheres, whose life is an ever-deepening revelation of the central mysteries of love, *l'amor che move il Sole e l'altre stelle*.

The later Victorian critics had much to say about a certain "otherworldliness" in poetry, a phrase sufficiently vague to please the loosest thinker; but there is no vagueness in Miss Rossetti's other world, for she cast her references to it in the language of orthodox Christianity. For those to whom that language is but a burnt-out metaphor, her poems must always seem instinct with antiquity and conventionalism. But of the possibility of such a charge she was herself happily unaware. She dwelt contentedly in her world of faith, which she found a world of growing light; and she can be sympathetically approached only by such as share her insight into its beauty and her realization of its promise.

On Making a Meditation

BY THE REV. J. G. H. BARRY, D.D.

PROGRESS in the spiritual life, like progress in anything else requires effort. It requires the systematic and persistent use of means appropriate to the end we are seeking. Indeed the spiritual life is an art, in the successful prosecution of which we require careful training to perceive the values that it is worth while to seek, and to master the instruments by which those values may be acquired. From time to time, we hear of spiritual geniuses to whom the acquisition of holiness seems to cost little in the way of effort; but to most of us, I fancy, spiritual genius still remains a matter of taking pains. We may be glad that this is so, for anyone can take pains.

When once we become serious in the matter of spiritual advancement, and begin to ask what helps are available to aid us in the making of spiritual conquests, we are, among the first aids to spiritual discipline, pointed to the practice of meditation. A friend tells me that he has found meditation most helpful, and perhaps sends me a book that has been useful to him. Or reading some book on the spiritual life we come upon the commendation of meditation as one of the advanced forms of prayer, and are led to seek further light upon this practice. We take up the practice and after a little feel that it is not helping us, and we lay it aside. Our disappointment is in proportion to the hope with which we began. I am writing this paper with a purpose of helping some to begin the practice of meditation intelligently, so that they may avoid failure; and of inducing others, who think that they have demonstrated the usefulness of the practice for themselves, whatever may be the case with others, to try again in a way that, by avoiding previous errors, may perchance lead them to great spiritual profit and joy.

Perhaps the most complete characterization of the Christian life would be to describe it as a life of prayer. Whatever else may or may not be present, a prayer experience is certainly indispensable. But prayer means a great many things. A child has a prayer experience which begins with the recitations of certain simple forms taught it by its mother. These are not,

in any full sense, understood at the outset, and yet I think that there is expressed through them a sense of dependence and of appeal to one outside us who loves and cares. It is astonishing to find how many there are who never get beyond this infant experience, and whose prayer life never develops to any felt need that cannot be satisfied by this simple recitation of elementary forms. In many cases, indeed, the same forms which are learned in childhood are preserved unaltered through life—the spiritual experience, as far as one sees, never gets beyond the stage of recognition of dependence and petition for providential care. In the case of others the prayers are changed, but the prayers themselves remain at the stage of petition. In fact it is not unusual to hear surprise expressed at the suggestion that there are degrees of prayer, and that petition is the lowest degree.

That, of course, is the fact. I do not mean by that, that all degrees of prayer are successive, and that we pass from one to another, leaving one behind as we enter the other, but that the prayer life so expands as to contain greater diversity of content as we press on spiritually. We never pass beyond the need of petition to express certain relations to our Father in heaven, but we do establish other relations than those that are satisfied by petition. It is quite analagous to what takes place in human relation. The relation of a child to its parents undergoes great expansion and diversification as it grows in age and understanding of life. Relation to a person implies the exercise of all that is contained in our own personality, but the elements of a complex personality unfold slowly, and in the unfolding seek satisfaction in communion with other persons. Our parents are the first to call us into the conscious exercise of all our personal powers; but those powers do not find their highest and most significant exercises until we have learned how they may be exercised in relation to God.

One of the powers that earliest demands exercise is the intelligence, the power of thought. It seems to me one of the great disasters of our education, or our lack of it, that the young are so rarely taught to think connectedly about God, and the things of God. When the time comes, as it is pretty sure to

come, when young men and women have to face the fact of the existence of a systematic body of negation of all Christian truth, they are quite liable to meet it unprepared—in the possession, it is true, of certain dogmatic statements about religion, but with no real comprehension of their meaning or of the grounds of their justification. The young for the most part, encounter religious negation, of which the modern world is full, without preparation and without means of defense.

One of the best means of defense is the habit of mental prayer—of meditation, as it is commonly called. But, of course, its primary use is not one of defense. It is a form of prayer suited for the exercise of one's intellectual nature and for the putting it into realized and conscious relation with God. In other words we start from the conviction that all the elements of our complex personality have necessary relations to God, which we must make active if our spiritual development is to be normal; that we can neither love God nor obey Him in a way fully to satisfy us unless we love Him and obey Him intelligently. Mental prayer is an effort to know the truth that the truth may make us free.

In meditation then, one's primary effort is to know, to understand. At the same time we must carefully guard this statement. What one is attempting is not a course of study, a philosophical or theological discipline, but an exercise of the mental faculties under rigorous spiritual direction. Indeed whatever study is necessary to the intellectual apprehension of the truth, which we are to meditate upon, should take place before the meditation begins. In order to profit spiritually we need to be free from the mechanical labor of acquiring the meaning of the terms we are to use. If one were intending to spend a half hour in meditation on a passage from one of St. Paul's epistles, one would need to make sure that one understood the grammatical meaning of the passage and its relation to the context before one began one's meditation, otherwise the half hour might pass before one were ready to meditate at all. It cannot be too much emphasized that meditation is not just study under special conditions.

It is indeed an effort to know; to know God and our relations

to Him. In meditation we take a spiritual truth which is, it may be, quite familiar as a statement of fact, then try to think our way into it, as a fact with bearing on our own lives. The Incarnation for example, is a fact. The nature of this fact we have learned in the course of our religious education, or failing that we now study it in the theological outline which every Christian ought to have as handy as his Bible or Prayer-book. But meditation on the Incarnation means taking that fact or some phase of it, and thinking out its relations to my own life and action. There are endless ways in which so large a fact can be brought into relation with life. Or take a fact more easily handled, the fact of venial sin. Again one's education brings out the meaning of the fact,—what meditation should do is to realize the fact as a fact of my experience, and to consider the details of that experience in past and present, and to plan and resolve for the future.

Any religious truth whatever must have relation to my life, and personal religion is the finding of that relation and making it active. The sphere, therefore, of meditation is practically limitless, it covers all the truths of religion. But to get into a fruitful relation with any truth through the understanding of it, and the working out of its relation to our own lives, necessarily means not simply an intellectual exercise, but the exercise of all the powers of one's personality—a spiritual effort, that is, which cannot but be conducive to spiritual growth. Meditation, therefore, is this effort of the whole personality. It is a most efficacious instrument in our spiritual development.

Indeed, I would go as far as to say that I do not believe that there is any means of spiritual advancement, outside the Sacraments, so uniformly effective as the daily meditation. It means the steady exertion of spiritual energy, which must result in growth. Day by day we are spending a certain number of minutes in thinking out some truth, after having expressly asked the aid of God the Holy Ghost, and in bringing the meaning of that truth home to our lives—bringing all our powers to bear on the problem: "*what is that truth to me, what is God trying to say to me through it?*" Is it necessary to make a meditation every day? one is asked. And the answer. Yes, yes; that

is, under the rubric of common sense. It is obvious that irregular and widely spaced meditations cannot exert the spiritual pressure on life which the daily meditation does. Regularity and frequency are essential to keeping one in an expectant and receptive attitude. One meditation a week, say, while it may have certain limited use, cannot be expected to accomplish the spiritual result of the daily meditation.

We shall catch the point of this if we remind ourselves that meditation is *not study but prayer*. It is the offering of our intellectual powers to God as a means through which He may make Himself known to us. While I am using all my power to think into a truth, I am really offering that power as a channel by means of which God may show me the truth. I am asking, not merely understanding, but enlightenment. So my intellectual act is an aspiration, an act of worship, an oblation of myself to the Holy Spirit. I am sure that to the intellect so consecrated, God will reveal Himself, and that I shall go from my meditation with further knowledge of God and of myself, and therefore better fitted to meet whatever the day shall bring. I have assimilated some portion of truth that is my growth thereby.

I think the general experience is that a meditation should be made in the morning. One's mind is then fresh and the affairs of the day have not begun to intrude themselves and make concentration difficult. It is an additional advantage (not an objection as seems commonly thought), that the process of securing the first minutes of the morning means a sacrifice—usually the sacrifice involved in rising half an hour or twenty minutes sooner than we are accustomed to. Or it might mean the adjustment of other duties to a changed schedule. In any case the securing of the early morning for the meditation is worth the sacrifice and we ought not to decide that such time cannot be given until a very serious effort has been made.

However if it is actually impossible to secure time for meditation in the morning, the meditation can be made at another time. The morning hour is selected because experience shows that that is the best time, not that there is anything so sacred about it that if one cannot meditate then there is no use attempting

the meditation at any other time. One can easily imagine circumstances in which other hours, as the late evening hours, are the only ones available. If quiet can then be secured and the world shut out, the meditation can be profitably made.

Whatever the time, the meditation will be essentially the same. I say essentially because there must be a certain freedom in detail, or we are likely to become the slaves of method; or finding a given method unworkable, conclude that we are unable to make a meditation. The latter is a very real danger because we usually begin the practice of meditating by attempting to follow the method of someone else. We may, it is true, prove docile to the method, and then all is well; but we may equally well prove recalcitrant to it, and then all is not well at all. In most cases we shall find that we have to adjust the details of method to our own peculiarities, and end in making a method which fits us and in which we can move easily. We shall not hesitate to do this, the essentials of meditation being preserved.

What is most essential is that we should learn to meditate and not learn to do something else which is a substitute for meditation, and think it the same thing, or just as good. Again, remember that meditation is not just intellectual exercise, and the same as a study period. We may not for instance, spend several hours with a Bible dictionary and a commentary working out the meaning of a passage of scripture, and then close our books with a feeling that we have been meditating. The half hour's study might admirably prepare us for meditation—get ready for us an outline that we can use—but in itself it is not mental prayer.

Nor can we do a half hour's reading in the Bible or some devotional book, and feel that it is the equivalent of meditation. It is an excellent thing to do and therefore often presents itself as a temptation. But the very fact that we feel it easier and a relaxation from our rule, reveals its nature as a substitute for the harder thing we are attempting. Again, devotional reading, like the study of Holy Scripture, is admirable as a basis for meditation—it suggests subjects and furnishes outlines but it must not be treated as the thing itself.

There is another temptation to the misuse of meditation which crops up in some cases, and that is to make the meditation a means to a further end. A priest is tempted to turn a meditation into a sermon outline and feels that while he is helping his own spiritual life he is also accumulating material for helping others. The defect of such meditation is obvious; it is made with a divided attention. The mind is rather more than half on the availability of thought for the sermon, and thoughts which are not so available, no matter how personally valuable, are apt to get scant attention and small development. The same thing is true of the Sunday-school or guild teacher—the temptation to make prayer a utilitarian occupation.

But these rocks being successfully avoided, and the right conception of meditation being attained, the further question arises, what are we to meditate upon? I am assuming the case of one quite new to the practice, who faces the fact that he is to begin the use of intellectual prayer, and then finds the pressing question, “what am I to pray about, on what am I to meditate?” The field of possible choice is very wide, and what is wise for one to undertake is not wise for another, and what is wise at one stage of spiritual experience is not wise for another.

I would class the available material on which to meditate as follows: 1. Devotional Books. 2. Prepared outlines. 3. Theological treatises. 4. Holy Scriptures.

1. I would class devotional books as the least helpful material on which to base one's meditation. For one thing the attempt to keep meditation and devotional reading separate is rather difficult. One starts to read a paragraph, and then to meditate upon it, but easily reads on, either because the attention is caught and carried away, so that we forget that we are engaged in mental prayer; or because the attention is *not* caught, and we read on in hopes of falling in with a thought that is suggestive on which to base our meditation. Either way the time passes and no meditation has been made. There is another objection to the attempt to use such books as the basis of meditation, and that is that the thought is already pretty fully worked out so that there is little of that suggestiveness which

is so essential to the material used as the basis of meditation. There are people who find the printed book helpful in meditation, but I do not believe they are numerous. There is one way in which a devotional book can be profitably used, and that is to make an analysis of a given page and then base the meditation on the outline so obtained.

2. The prepared outline avoids the dangers of the devotional book. It does not tempt to reading and, theoretically, it achieves suggestiveness. It is true, I suppose, that there are not many people who find it easy or, indeed, practical, to develop the meaning of a subject given for meditation without help until practice has brought them facility. The outline, therefore, is the almost inevitable method for the beginner. The outline gives the thought, and one turns that over and over in one's mind and appreciates it from several points of view, and applies it to one's own case, holding on to it as long as the process is fruitful. One of the temptations to be avoided in this matter is the feeling that we must get on, must finish this meditation in the half hour, and so hurry from points before we have exhausted them. This we should never do, there is never any obligation to get on.

Here we must note that not all outlines are suitable for all people. We can only tell by experimenting what books of outlines will be useful to us. We need to find a mind of a quality somewhat like our own before the thoughts of another will set our mind working. The thought-suggestions of a mystic are not likely to stimulate the so-called practical mind. On the other hand, after one's experience is sufficiently developed, it might not be a bad thing, for one type of mind to occupy its thoughts, at times, with the suggestions of the other type. It may be pointed out here that not all that you find under the head of outlines of meditation are really such. There are books which sell as outlines of meditation, which are really sermon outlines. There are others which are outlines of meditations, but which lack the prime quality of suggestiveness. One fears that the author never meditated through them himself. The rule here is: experiment until you find out what you want.

3. I speak of theological treatises as a separate class of meditation material, because they afford the matter on which a good deal of our meditating ought to be based. Our temptation is to take material which can be rather easily handled; and the maker of meditation outlines has often been influenced by the popular dislike of dogma. Perhaps, also, there is a feeling that a meditation, in order to appeal to the affections, ought to contain a large sentimental element, if I may so define it. But surely our need, first of all, is to know our religion, and not simply to know it by intellectual analysis, but to know it in terms of our own experience. The great value of meditation is just here, in the process of translating dogma into experience, belief into life. He, therefore that would meditate profitably, must set about the work of assimilating the dogmatic facts of the Christian religion, beginning with the existence of God, and passing on through the whole of theology. Naturally one would not attempt that at a stretch. Subjects of meditation ought to be varied, from time to time, but this side of the appreciation of dogma ought not to be neglected. Take a book like Darwell Stone's *Outlines of Dogma*, and break it up into fragments and translate from terms of the intellect to terms of the will and affections.

4. The revelation of God in Christ, which is the subject of Holy Scripture, underlies all the material of meditation of which we have been speaking. But it has so far been presented to us in one or another form of preparation. But while the prepared forms have their value, and are usually admirable as first steps, we should always have before us that the ideal meditation will be based directly upon Holy Scripture, with no intervening working over the material. We should come to the state of experience in meditation where we should need nothing but our Bibles to work with.

This stage is not easily attained. It is, to be sure, easy to take a page from the Gospel, and dream over it for half an hour. But it is not so easy at the end of the half hour to set down any definite thoughts that we have achieved. Meditation upon the text of the Bible is difficult, because the Bible

itself is not easy to understand. The understanding of it means close study with the use of a considerable apparatus of helps of one kind and another. This preparatory study the average person is unable or unwilling to do, and hence is unfitted for profitable meditation. Moreover the attempt to meditate on the text of the Bible is exposed to the same temptation that is noted in the case of devotional books, the temptation to pass from meditation to reading. If the plain text of the Bible is to be used either (1) easily understood passages from the Gospel and Epistles should be chosen; or (2) outlines for meditation should be prepared beforehand with the aid of commentaries, etc. If there is time and ability, the last is, no doubt, the ideal form of meditation.

Assuming now that we have freed our time and settled upon a method, etc., what is the actual process of meditation? How do you do it? First of all comes the preliminary prayer, a definite prayer including an invocation of the Holy Spirit for the clearing of our minds and the direction of our intention. This done, we take up our first thought. I am going to assume that the method will be some modification of the Ignatian method, and will begin by presenting the truth we are to meditate upon, in some concrete setting which can be placed before the imagination. Let us suppose that we are starting theologically and that our theme is the article of the creed, *He was made man*. We might start with a mental picture of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Then, with this before the mind, we pass on to recall what we know of the Incarnation, or as that is rather too extensive for one meditation, we can take up one aspect of it. For example that in this Child there are two natures perfectly united in one Person; that my nature is assumed to the Person of God, and that my approach to God is through the humanity, which He has assumed. This will give me a starting point for personal application in that I can examine myself on my use of the Sacraments as to the application of the Incarnation to me. I can then thank God for the gift of them and make acts of contrition for my failures and end with a resolution of amendment and a final prayer of thanksgiving.

That roughly enough is what one means by meditation. When we analyze it to see just what it is that took place, we find three chief elements which correspond to the three elements in our complex personality. The predominating element which gives the name *mental prayer* to the whole action, is the intellect. We are attempting first of all to understand. We want to know what a given truth means and what it means to us. We want to get life into relation to it. That means not thinking abstractly as in a philosophical meditation, but thinking concretely about my own life as the sphere in which the truth acts. The second form of our activity comes into view as the result of this application of truth to life. It reveals success or failure on our part, and consequently, kindles in us love or abhorrence. We love God and are grateful to Him for His action in our lives, or we realize our own failure to respond to Him, and are filled with contrition. This is the action of our affections in response to what the intellect has shown. If this response is any more than mere emotionalism, the result will be the activity of the third element in our personality; the will. The will becomes active and determines us to follow good and to flee evil.

It would appear from what has been said that the practice of mental prayer admits of sufficient variety in subject and method, to make it a suitable exercise for any Christian who is sufficiently interested in prayer to make this effort. It is perfectly true that there are many Christians who cannot use mental prayer. These are hard working people to whom lack of time is a perfectly valid excuse. There are others whose intellectual training has not fitted them for meditation. But one would do well to pause and think over one's circumstances pretty carefully, before one concludes that one is shut off from all but the least developed forms of prayer experience. To vast numbers of Christians, neither ability nor opportunity is wanting, but the knowledge of the nature of this form of prayer or the will to practice it. And the attempt, when it is made, ends in discouragement and failure. I want, therefore, to say a few words of practical counsel, in such cases.

One of the commonest complaints is that of inability to keep the mind fixed. That, of course, is not peculiar to meditation, but is a besetting trouble of all prayers. It is easy, I think, to over-estimate its importance. It is a fact that under our educational system very few of us are trained in attention. We have not learned deliberately to direct and hold attention at a certain point. The consequence is that attention follows interest, and if there is no compelling interest the mind which is turned in a certain direction may swing off. It is this *swing off* which is the wandering mind and which causes the trouble. There is nothing for it but to call it back. One soon overcomes it, to a certain extent, if one relaxes the attention deliberately for a few seconds from time to time and then calls it back with a new act of concentration. Furthermore, the mind will turn to the most vivid object of interest. It seems distressing that the mind which has been fixed on prayer, should be found to have run off after some matter of wholly trivial interest. One feels terribly ashamed on discovering it. But the mind does not follow what we are convinced is our most important interest, or what is actually our deepest interest, for which we are prepared to sacrifice much, but it follows a vivid surface interest, an interest somewhat trivial in itself, but which is insistently present. I fancy that very few overcome this tendency to wander; we need to deal patiently with ourselves and with our infirmities in this matter.

Another frequent cause of discouragement is the seeming fruitlessness of this form of prayer. "I have been trying to make meditations," some one says, "for so many months or perhaps so many years, and I do not seem to gain anything. My meditations are wandering and cold nearly always." Now I do not believe that the value of a meditation depends in any great degree upon the facility of it. The meditation which seems to make itself, which goes on without difficulty, so that we hardly realize the passage of time, is not, by any necessity, a better meditation than the halting, troubled, wandering one, which it seems utterly futile to think of as a spiritual act at all. This last is the one which costs labor; it was less pleasant, but

it may well have been more profitable. We may well have laid hold of some truth in a manner that will make it a permanent acquisition, in this last act of prayer. The first may have been a superficial experience which vanishes as easily as it comes. Never estimate prayer in terms of ease and pleasantness.

And neither should we look to acquire spiritual habits with rapidity and ease. Curiously, many look to acquire spiritual habits almost over night. They turn from a life of sin or indifference and spiritual inexperience, and do not understand why they do not at once enter into the habits and experience of the saints. But certainly the acquisition of a new center of interest, the withdrawal of the affections from their accustomed objects, the conversion of the will may be expected to take a very considerable time. Spiritual habits are slowly built. We may be satisfied if progress is being made steadily and unswervingly toward our end—the knowledge and love of God.

A Plea for Specialists in Religion

BY THE REV. ANDREW CHAPMAN.

WE hear on all sides, from religious people and from the thoughtful world, the truism that the changed and changing times call for a readjustment of the Church's method of dealing with people. That is what the cry for a "restatement of the faith" really means. For the faith itself we can only hold that it "was once for all delivered unto the saints" and any restatement of it can only be just that, a restatement, not a reconsideration or a retraction. The quaint old theological terms may be translated, even into modern slang if you like; the age-old principles may be brought to bear on modern problems and crises; but the faith itself must ever remain unchanged and unchanging unless it is to be given over altogether, and of it we can only say "*securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" Do not think me flippant if I say that it is the Clergy who must be "restated." For it is certain that there

is a sense of failure in the view that men are today taking of the Church and of her Ministers, both from within and from without, a sense of failure, of inadequacy, of the pressing and dire need for some change of method which shall somehow save the ship which so many are already giving up for lost.

We must face this fact, with its implications, as bravely as we can. There is nothing to be gained by adopting the method of the ostrich. We must be honest and we must be humble, and if we are honest and humble we shall admit that it is not the Religion of Jesus Christ that has failed in this hour of world-crisis; it is not the Church (against whom by the infallible promise of her divine Founder, the gates of hell shall never prevail) but it is we who have failed. If men feel, as there is no question that many of them do feel, that Christianity is not the religion which can fulfil the needs of modern life and interpret it in terms of both spiritual and practical value, it is our fault because we have been content to teach an emasculated and partial faith, because we have neglected to correlate the facts of revelation with the vital problems of the everyday life of our people. If the world, the nation, comes to a crisis where the half gods must go, everything must go with them unless we have been rooted and grounded in principles and practices which can and will prove adequate under stress of our new and crucial needs.

These are times that try men's souls. And in that trial they are thrown back upon first principles. We must get down to bedrock too, else we part company with our people at the very moment of their utmost need. What are some of the questions that are being asked, on all sides, with an insistency that demands an answer, and which no uncertain answer will satisfy? We hear much of the great religious awakening which the war has been the means of bringing about in countless lives that were careless, or selfish, or worse, till the crash of Armageddon forced them to think down beneath the thresholds of common life. Men, we hear, want religion today as they never wanted it before, they are open to the message of religion as they have not been for centuries. The question emerges at once, What

is religion? Unless we can answer that question, and answer it satisfactorily, with authority and certitude, men and women will answer it for themselves, and the chances are that they will not, nine times out of ten, answer it correctly. We have seen, in our own day and generation, a whole nation building up a philosophy, which we need not hesitate to call a religion since they themselves claim that name for it, on false principles, reversing the Law and the Gospel, calling evil good, and good evil, saying that might not only makes right but is the only right, and following the formal and intellectual conclusions of their philosophical theorizing out into ruthless and unthinkable practice under the patronage of "unser Gott." And I venture to think that we are not altogether free from the danger of adopting their philosophy of religion ourselves. Free from the crudities of "the man in the street" the thought that is coming more and more to the fore when we consider religion is that personal sacrifice for a principle is a sufficient substitute for belief in revealed truth, that ethical practice is more than equivalent to religious piety, that religion is only what Huxley said it was, "Ethics tinged with emotion," that it doesn't matter what a man believes so long as he does what is right.

I cannot forebear quoting some passages from an excellent article, one of a series which recently ran in the *Saturday Evening Post*, because it states so admirably just what is the popular and serious thought of the average man on this important matter. The writer is supposed to be a middle-aged business man who is visiting his son, a Captain in the National Army, before the boy sails for France.

"'Suppose you and mother would like to know before I go,' said Jack, 'what I think about things—religious things, you know. Some of us get together here and talk them over now and then. We didn't before we came. But, you see, we can't help knowing, of course, that we mayn't come back; and—and—so you wonder if there would be anything else afterward if you didn't—Well, honestly Dad—I don't know. I haven't much faith, I guess, of the orthodox kind; but I can't help

feeling that it doesn't make much difference so long as you know you're doing the right thing.' 'No,' I muttered, 'Yet, how can you know it's the right thing?' He shook his head. 'But I do know it!' he said. 'To fight—to die—for one's country is bound to be the right thing. It doesn't matter that I can't tell you why. It's the thing itself that's worth while—not the reason.' 'Listen, Jack,' I whispered, 'Years ago I heard a Memorial Day address by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, and it made such an impression on me that I learned it by heart. It is the answer to my question. What he said was this:

"I do not know what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt—that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt—and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use. For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism."

'That's pretty good stuff,' Jack said in an embarrassed fashion. 'You might send it to me—if you will. I'd like the other fellows to see it.' "

I think that is a very fair statement of what seems to be coming more and more to be the popular idea of religion. Of course it isn't religion at all, any more than clean, honest, upright, temperate living is necessarily religious, though it is, in most individual cases, the result of some religious conviction.

What did not occur to Jack or to his father, in the story, is the thing that does not seem to occur to the rank and file who are making this gospel their guiding light:—that if all this is true for us, it is equally true for the Germans, the Turks and Bulgarians. If patriotic heroism is (as many today would have us believe) a passport to the Kingdom of Heaven; if death for the cause of right, as a man sees right, is indeed martyr-

dom, and to go bravely "over the top" to die is a sort of plenary absolution for the life which (if reports can be believed) some of our soldiers live behind the lines, or were living before they went to the Front, then indeed, the new cult of Self-sacrifice for Patriotic Principle may well become the world-religion after the war is ended. Certain it is that the men who have "looked death in the face without flinching," who have endured the hardships of military life, whose manhood has been reconstructed by suffering, or whose old religion, such as it was and whatever it was, failed to sustain them in their hour of agony, will come home to demand something better and truer and more definite than they have ever known before.

And there is a widespread fear that the Church, which seems to have been shown to have fallen short in its ante-bellum preparation of its sons and daughters for the meeting of the present hour, may prove unable to interest and inspire and hold its sons and daughters in the new life which they must face after peace has been declared.

This leads us to ask, What is the Church? I have no intention of trespassing on the controverted field of inter-denominational comity. The utter failure confessed by sectarianism is too apparent to need more than statement of the pregnant fact that the old barriers must be levelled, the old animosities forgotten. The mission field, with its waste of effort and money, ought to have taught us that lesson long ago, but it took the war to drive it home, just as it took the war to make us realize the sheer necessity of temperance, soberness and chastity in our national life. The issue is being forced, as so many long discussed problems are being forced, to practical solution in the crucible of the world's agony.

But what is to take the place of sectarianism? Are we presumptuous in thinking that the Church has a part to play in the world that is to come after the war, a part which will dwarf into insignificance the old *Via Media* idea of Anglicanism as the meeting place of Romanism and Protestantism? "The Ministry of Reconciliation!" Is the Church ready, are we ready, to perform such a mediatorial and redemptive office?

And what, after all, is the purpose for which the Church exists? Am I wrong in seeing, as I think I discern from a study of the development of the thought of a large portion of Christendom during the last two or three hundred years, a complete *bouleversement* of the ethos of the Gospel message as delivered to, preserved and transmitted by, the primitive Church? Is the *terminus ad quem* of the Church's teaching and practice only the production of moral integrity and ethical excellence? Or has she somewhat to say to the *souls* of men, as well as to their intellects and of their bodies? That Christianity has been and is the greatest civilizing force in the world does not necessarily mean that it was founded for that purpose, any more than it was designed primarily to be the greatest force in art or architecture or music. I have an old-fashioned idea that God the Son came into this world that He might save His people from their sins and from the eternal consequences of them, and that all the other results of His fructiferous Incarnation are, as it were, by-products of His redemptive and atoning activity in regard to the souls of the children of men. And I have somewhere picked up the idea of the Church as the extension of His Incarnation. If the Church is indeed the divine organism we think it to be, then its object must be primarily to attain spiritual results by spiritual means. That this is best accomplished in conjunction with the corporal works of mercy is a point that needs no pressing. But the question is whether we have put first things first in our teaching and practice: whether it may not be because we have not that so many men in the rank and file of our armies, representative, democratic, American if you like, are not as religious as they should be.

I have a good deal of sympathy (not disloyal to my cloth I hope) with the young lady who remarked so cleverly "Why is a Clergyman?" Just what are the Clergy of the Church supposed to be and do? Is our consciousness of our Office, or perhaps I should say our lack of consciousness of our Office, responsible for the ineffectuality of our work as Ministers of Christ and Stewards of the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God? They used to speak of the Priest as "a man of God." Nowa-

days we talk of him as "a good mixer," an organizer, a financier, sometimes as a pleasant reader or orator. I would be the last to decry the Ministerial and Prophetic function of the Priesthood, or to exalt the sacerdotal and hieratical aspect of the Ministry to the derogation of Social Service. But the Priesthood, whatever view you may take of it on theological grounds, is something more than a philanthropic ministry, just as the Church itself is something infinitely more than a social organization with certain ceremonial and quasi-intellectual adjuncts.

It is as we lose the sense of the primarily Godward aspect of the Christian Ministry, the essentially sacerdotal meaning of it, that we fail to realize its inherent dignity, its vital necessity, its peculiar and real value. In the eyes of the world the Clergyman is becoming more and more what his personality, his work, his own natural effectiveness makes him, just like any other man in any other business. We are a long way from the time when the poorest and least learned Priest was honored and esteemed for the sake of his Priesthood in itself. And this, I think, is because we have lost our sense of the essential position to which Ordination admits a man. We have lost the sense of the supernatural, of the mysterious, we have yielded to the view of the world which regards "making good" as the supreme and pragmatic test of any claim human or divine. With the decline of the practice of supernatural religion, outside the Church, and to a certain extent inside the Church, the tendency is for the Priest to become more and more, in an unpauline sense, "all things to all men"—and less and less to God—to be too busy to pray, to study, to meditate. We yield all too readily to the demand of the people for a secularized Clergy, and spend our energies in the effort to foster Guilds and Societies and Clubs—how often do we find a Priest exerting the same activity and effort to establish the Daily Celebration of the Eucharist implied if not required in the Book of Common Prayer?

Please do not think that I am decrying Social Service, or advocating a clericalism which shall shut itself away from the temporal needs of the people. The Priest must, of course, be a well-rounded man, touched with the feeling not only of the

infirmities of those among whom he is sent to labor, but with the feeling of their strength as well, and of their need for greater and more spiritual strength. The Priest, filled with the sense of his own sacring, will not tarry in the sanctuary, though he will find there the Source of his power; he will go forth to the people with his face shining, as Moses did, to be a real leader, a real friend, a real man among men. Yet always with a distinct motive, to lead men back with him into the Sanctuary, that others still may take knowledge of them that they have been with JESUS. He will be "a good mixer" because so he can best get close enough to men to be able, on occasion, to speak to them of the things that concern their peace and their salvation. He will foster guilds and societies in order that through them his people may come to a deeper and more real interest in the things of God. And if he is forced (as he never ought to be) to turn aside from time to time to raise money to pay the coal bill, it will be that the church building may be a place where the people will be willing and eager to come that their souls may there take the flame of divine love from the Altar where the Sacred Heart of JESUS burns and shines with transcendent and transforming love for the souls of men who pass Him by in carelessness, and make any excuse rather than seek Him early in the morning.

The world is waking up out of its religious indifference. This is also a truism, of the sort with which this essay must inevitably abound. It is also an observable fact that people generally are asking for definiteness in the statement, or restatement (take your choice) of religious truth. The classic example is the agonized way in which people of slight religious cultivation, or of no religion at all, are asking "what of the dead?" For men and women cannot look into the face of death without seeking what lies beyond those closed and inscrutable eyelids, any more than they can look into the face of life and not seek to penetrate beyond the outward aspect into the vital and incommunicable truth of being. Has the Church, have the Priests of the Church, a message for those who mourn, a word to say to those who go out to face, with what courage the moment may

give, the dark mystery of life as we know it here and now? Nothing but absolute and indubitable certainty, the certainty of dogma, in the real and uncorrupted sense of that much abused and discredited word, will serve our purpose or God's purpose in the comforting of a stricken world, in the preparation of our manhood for the "rendezvous with death." I cite this matter merely by way of illustration.

Then there is the trend towards worship which is so marked in the Church and among our separated brethren. I am aware that I verge here upon ground which an angel might well fear to tread. And I shall not tread it, save to remind you of the consensus of reports from our Church Chaplains, of this country and of England, as to the inadequacy under war conditions, both at the Front and in the Camps, of those beautiful devotions of a by-gone and monastic age which we have, most of us, come to regard as part of "our incomparable liturgy" when they aren't the Liturgy at all, though they may be incomparable!

We have become so used to what I may call, I trust without offence, the spectative attitude of the Choir Offices, that we find it hard to believe that the very boys who delighted to sing Venite and Magnificat, and whose intimate knowledge of Church Services went but little further, want something more direct and more divine when they find themselves at the Front. But I think we ought to realize that when they return, as please God many of them shall, they will not willingly go back to the old idea (I will not say ideal) of worship, which the grim necessity of military life has made them suddenly outgrow.

And they will not be satisfied with the platitudes of a smug religiosity. They have found some real things "over there." They will need and demand real things when they come home. And if *they* demand them, if they feel the need of them, as they most certainly do (else all report from expert sources is discredited) why should we not all seek after that fulness of life, devotional as well as practical, which alone can satisfy the hunger of the soul for God?

It is not only our boys at the Front who find themselves religiously starving. There are good people in the pews of

many of our Churches of various names, who are slowly dying of spiritual inanition. I do not say that they are not fed, but that they are not filled. Half a loaf is better than no bread: but half a loaf is robbery when you are entitled to the whole.

The Bishop of Chicago, last fall, delivered himself upon a public occasion when there was a large gathering of clergy as well as laity present, of a remarkable confession. He said that in his opinion fully half of the parishes and missions of his diocese were spiritually bankrupt and dead and ought to be buried. Whether the Bishop will proceed to the obsequies remains to be seen! But I submit that when a Bishop of the Church makes such a statement, as it were *ex cathedra*, and asks that it be spread abroad as his dictum, something is radically wrong, either with the diocese or with the Bishop, or possibly with both. At all events, it is a sign of that sense of failure of which I have already spoken, and for which a remedy must be sought, however desperate it may be when found.

In my mind such considerations are the ground-work for any purposeful thought of the function of the Priest as a Specialist in Religion. For I am about to advance the startling proposition that a Priest of the Church should be concerned first and foremost with Religion: that his social and institutional functions are incidental and ought to be subordinate; that his "spiritual leadership" is the only sort of leadership essentially involved in his Divine Vocation, and that his Ordination is a real setting apart and consecrating of such gifts as he may possess to the direct service of God, and of his fellow men regarded as souls in his cure. He is, of course, a man with a message. The claim needs no laboring, though I shall have somewhat to say presently as to the peculiar character of that message. But he is something more than a herald. In himself, by virtue of his office, he is something more than the exponent of any portion of that office. I have spoken, in passing, of the varied activities that are expected, and, as things stand for the present, required of our clergy. The reason for this is not far to seek. We have been so afraid of the bogie of "Priestcraft" that we have forgotten the real and splendid and

literal (and be it said, unobjectionable) meaning of the word. It is not alone a distinction of form between the Priesthood of the Church and the ministry of any other body of organized Christians. It is a matter of motive, it is a matter of ulterior purpose. The Priest is active and busy with many matters, one is tempted to think sometimes with too many matters, that do not really matter; but he is active and busy always for the greater glory of God. Do not misunderstand me if I say that the glory of God is his first concern, more important even than the salvation of the souls committed to his care, for how better can the glory of God be served by any Priest than in his unceasing efforts to fill up the number of the elect and to hasten God's Kingdom? If the world reverses the duties of man, and makes his duty to his neighbor come before his duty towards God, it is all the more reason why the Church should hold fast to the old order. For there can be no true service of man that does not find its motive and its power in the service of God; there can be no real uplifting of mankind, unless God is above all the end towards which the uplift tends. I am not unaware that what I am saying sounds strangely out of tune with the modern feeling and methods. But the Church's way is not the way of the world, it never has been; and whenever and wherever the Church has lowered her standard and sought to conform herself to the ways of the world, she has failed to get results, she has lost her power, she has been forced out of the field. We cannot be blind to the fact that in large measure the Church has failed to appeal to modern men and women, and failed just insofar as she has been false to her own peculiar mission. For the Church was founded and exists in the world today for one great and preëminent purpose, Religion—and the work of Religion is not so much to bring men to God, as it is to bring God to men, that He Himself may draw them by the all-compelling power of His Presence unto Himself. It is not we who win souls, who bring them to God, it is the sheer winsomeness and attraction of the Incarnation, which brought God into the world, to be lifted up that He might draw all men unto Himself. That is the Bible way, that is the Church way,

the Sacramental way, the way which it is the peculiar privilege and duty of the Catholic Priest to show to the people of today, who have forgotten it, who see in the Church nothing more than a congeries of men seeking God, if haply they may feel after Him and find Him.

Take, as an apt example, the radical difference between the Catholic doctrine, the Prayer Book doctrine, of the Priesthood, and the theory of the ministry which the most Protestant denominations hold, and which has become so largely the idea that many of our own people hold. How many of our laity realize that the Priest of the Church is exercising a ministry which is radically and essentially different in kind and in degree from that claimed by the preachers of Protestant bodies round about? Do our clergy realize it? Have they made the claim which their ordination entitles them to make? Have they taught our people that the Prayer Book is not indulging in poetical and mystical hyperbole when it speaks of "sacerdotal functions"; when it declares Sunday by Sunday and day by day the power of the Priest to declare absolution; or the limitation of the consecration of the Eucharist to those in Priest's Orders; or the authority of the Priest to teach, to the exclusion even of unordained men who may be more recondite and learned? And may not this lack of assertiveness on the part of the Priesthood be one of the reasons for the comparative failure of the Church to reach the rank and file of the people? After all, even if other things are equal, why should I expect the people of my town, or my neighborhood, to come to me any more than some other minister, unless I have something, not of myself, which they can get nowhere else, and without which they cannot get on? If the Church is but a sect, if its Priesthood is nothing more than an office of ethical and intellectual or social leadership, then the Church had much better withdraw from the unequal and agonizing struggle and leave the field to those who are better able by reason of their numbers, their wealth, their equipment, their popular appeal, to deal with the ethical and social problems of our growing population. But, if the Church has a unique message, if the Church possesses the truth,

as we believe she does; if the Church has, as we believe she has, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—then no sacrifice is too great for Priest or people to make in order to present her privileges to the earnest and the religious, both within the fold and without, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

It is the fault of the Church, as personified in her clergy, that the Catholic Religion has not hitherto been rightly understood by this nation and people. I will narrow the application still more. It is because the Church has put forth no resounding claim to having anything more to give than any other non-Roman body, that she has not attained to greater strength in every part of America. She has been content, for several generations, to be nothing more than a decorated Protestantism, more formal, more dignified, and, yes, more exclusive, and less effective than any other form of Religion round about. It comes as a shock to those outside the Church, and even to some within, when any sacerdotal claim is made; and yet a glance at the Ordinal might long ago have shown them the difference in ethos, the vast difference in claim, the tremendous incompatibility on historical and theological grounds of their conception of the Christian Ministry and that authoritatively and dogmatically set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

May this not, perhaps, be the reason why, as a matter of actual and painful fact, the people do not esteem Priests in their Office? (if I may be permitted to paraphrase the rubric in the Ordination Service). Isn't it true, that in the average community today a clergyman's personality counts more than his Office? Why is it? Surely this ought not to be so if there is anything in the Catholic conception of the Priesthood as something conferred upon a man, something apart from him but given to him in solemn rites and ceremonies. It cannot be because the men who receive Holy Orders are ignorant of what they assume when they receive the Holy Ghost for their august and awful work. It cannot be that our clergy are merely self-seekers, working for the aggrandizement of their own reputations for leadership, or forcefulness, or even holiness. Perhaps it is because they are timid; perhaps it is because they

have not asked God to give them the spirit of martyrdom, to make them willing to suffer rather than deny or hide the Truth as they know it in Christ Jesus. But whatever the cause of this, is it not possible to conceive the turn affairs might take if the clergy really believed in their Priesthood, and lived up to it, as far as lies in them, applying themselves wholly to this one thing and drawing all their cares and studies this way?

The plea for specialization needs no excuse today in any department of the world's activity. We are learning well the lesson that "mastery (in any line of endeavor) is only acquired through resolved limitation." And the world has told the Ministers of Christianity in no uncertain tones to stick to their own business. You will say that to the Priest all human interests are common, that his business covers every portion of the ground of human and social activity, that the hope of the Church is that she should get into the thick of the action, and take her part and make her voice heard in every corner of the world's life. I can only answer that she has been trying to do this for the last eighteen hundred years, and that the results show that she has failed materially to influence the world by her secularizing methods. Really it is a mystery to me why the very men who decry the political influence of the Mediaeval Church are most anxious that the Church of today should mix in politics. But I forbear to wander down that alluring and argumentative side-path.

What then does "specializing in Religion" imply? What is it that the people are to seek from those whose Office proclaims them, or should proclaim them, spiritual leaders?

First of all the world wants a definite message, a real authoritative teaching, from the Church. People are tired of "fruits and flowers" and trite generalizations. I have touched this point so repeatedly in trying to get at it that it remains only to say that to meet this need the Clergy must be students, theologians if you will. It's no use, today, to say that people aren't interested in Theology. They are, quite practically and vitally. They want to know—not only the boys over there, but the boys and the men and the women at home, whether their

sins have been forgiven, whether they can be forgiven, and if so, how? They want to know about Prayer, whether it is any use, and what they ought to say when they pray. They want to know about the Dead, where they are, and where they are likely to be eventually and eternally. They want to know too if they may go on praying for their dear ones who have been taken from them. They want to know something about the mystery of suffering and pain, and if the Church does not, or cannot, tell them something definite on this subject they will go and let Mrs. Eddy tell them something indefinite but comforting about it, and if she comforts and helps them they will not look narrowly into the logic of her system. They want to know about Churchgoing, and, though they do not always know what they want, and are often afraid of names while they desire desperately the "inward part or thing signified," they feel the need of supernatural Grace to help them meet, if not to solve, the vexed problems of their life here and now. The answers to these questions, which men are asking, are not matters of surmise, but of revealed certainty. And to whom, if not to the Priesthood of the Church, should such questions be addressed, and from whom, if not from them, should the answers, and, be it said, the right answers, be expected? We have books by others on these vital matters, we admire the research and the speculative effort of those who we wish with all our hearts were one with us in all things as they are, thank God, increasingly one with us in certain aspects of Christian teaching. But I have read somewhere that "the Priest's lips should keep knowledge, and the people shall learn the law at his mouth."

There is another aspect of this matter. Men do not want my *opinion* on these questions. They want the Truth. They want a clear and definite ground for their faith which shall hold nothing less than the authority of infallibility. I am not the Pope! Indeed, I am the most madly anti-papal person in the world! But I cannot blind myself to the fact that the great hold which the Papal Obedience has on people today finds its strength in its claim to speak with certainty of the very things about which speculation is most rife among those who

do not repose on the bosom of "our Holy Aunt." Rome has carried the ideal of the "Living Voice" to what we believe to be unwarrantable extremes. But we are apt to forget that Rome has never delivered an infallible utterance except in two instances, and that the humblest clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church is, when he has assured himself of the truth of any dogma or doctrine by the Vincentian Rule, exactly as infallible as the Bishop of Rome, no more, and no less.

But enough of the Teaching Function of the Priesthood. It is not alone from the pulpit that men are asking answers to their questions. They come to the Priest sometimes with their personal difficulties and problems, asking detailed counsel and advice. Why do they not come more? Why do they not seek the Priest as readily and as naturally when spiritual and moral ailments and difficulties beset them, as they go to a physician when their bodies get out of order, or to a lawyer when they are entangled in business and temporal affairs, or to an architect when they want to build a house? Surely it cannot be that the Clergy make themselves unapproachable. I venture to think that it may be that they do not think of our Priests as trained experts in the solution of such difficulties, specialists in cases of conscience, able to deal practically with their very practical problems and needs.

There has been some talk, in the Church and secular newspapers, about the work of the Chaplains in the Army, and the claim is made by some that the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries is likely to be of greater influence than that of the regularly appointed Ministers, of various names, who are supposed somehow to find time to attend to the souls of the men, between sorting the mail, teaching school, running movies and vaudeville, distributing reading matter, doing clerical work for the C. O. and otherwise filling their place in the military program. And we are able to see at once that these secular and philanthropic activities are no part of the duty that should be expected from a man, who is in the Army at all only because he is a specialist in Religion. But why should we expect the work of the Clergy in Camp or at the Front to be radically

different in kind (though, of course, it is usually different in degree) from their work in their own parishes? If a Priest is content to spend, in peace times, a good half of his day in making calls, usually without any definitely religious object; a quarter of his day in superintending the social activities of his Parish; a sixteenth, say, of his day in keeping up with current events and topics of interest, and some percentage (I will not venture to say how much) in the cultivation of his own family and friends—and the residue thereof to prayer and the study of the Word; and if the Clergy are willing to have their life so plotted for them by the exigencies of their position; why in the name of common sense shouldn't the Army Chaplains also be cumbered with much serving?

I am not advocating a Clergy List of recluses, or a Church which shall divorce herself from the activities of modern life and devote herself entirely to the pageantry of ceremonial observances. But at least, among all the welter of suggestions as to how the present critical situation is to be met by the Church, and by her Ministry, (to say nothing of the even more critical situation which will, in all probability, arise after the war) surely some such application to changed and changing needs may be if not the way out, at least one way out of our difficulties. Certain it is that the real business of modern life has passed out of the hands of the general practitioner into those of the specialist. Our Priests can't do everything, and we ought not to expect them to. But people have a right to expect them to be experts in Religion, and most of them, honest and prayerful men that they are, are quite ready to admit that they are not.

The Worship of the Sacred Brain

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

IT is quite significant, in the light of recent developments, that the Church has never caused the mental processes of our Blessed Lord to become an object of worship. Everything else associated with His life here, every possible fleshly manifestation is held sacred. We may speculate on what He may have thought from time to time during His earthly life—in those gentle goings hither and thither on the road, in those crises and agonies and outpourings of the soul—but we do not find our interest, our devotion or our love centered in His cerebration. The functioning of the Divine Mind is something that we naturally turn from as a futile pursuit, doubtless for the same reason that scientists reach a point beyond which reason refuses to penetrate and becomes mere idle speculation.

The Heart of Christ, on the other hand, is an object of our devotion and worship. It is conceived as the source and center of Divine Love. The only way to an understanding of Eternal Wisdom lies through the Heart of God. The soldier's spear, which might just as well have pierced the brain, was driven into the heart of Christ, as though God had set an arrow pointing the way for all those who would know His Son. And along that way the Christian Church has been going ever since.

After these two thousand years, the heart is still the center of love—the dynamo of the energy of prayer, which is the driving force of love. Our symbolism is the symbolism of the heart. Our religion functions through the heart, not the brain. We find it more effectual to feel contrition than know the definition thereof. Conversion is rarely the result of mental conviction driven home by logic: a man's heart feels an irresistible tug, he is drawn through shifting illusions, through the strife and greed and empty mirth of life to the Heart of Christ. If ever he attains exalted worship, the worship which saints and mystics know, it is the worship of the heart. *Cor ad cor loquitur*. Heart speaks to heart. And that's all there is to it.

Our earthly relations are based on this same functioning of

the heart—the love of a man for his wife, the love of a mother for her children, the respect of a scholar for his master, the regard for old age, infirmity, weakness, innocence. A nation's ideals are based on it, for patriotism is an aspiration of the heart, not a conclusion of the brain. The creative arts are manifestations of heart functions—the poet working at a lyric, the composer blending harmonies, the painter setting forth in colors his vision, the sculptor drawing the figure out of the rock; even I, journalist, tinkering at this poor bit of prose. We are men of the heart.

It was rather bewildering, then, when the civilized world awoke to the awful realization that there was such a thing as the worship of the brain.

In those early days of 1914 scholars defined and discussed Kultur, which is the driving force of the German war machine and for the universal establishment of which Germany and her vassal allies are fighting. During these past four years we have seen Kultur in the working and have witnessed the madness that can be visited on a people who worship the brain of a man instead of the Heart of Christ.

For that is what Kultur amounts to—the worship of the human brain. Mental efficiency, the perfect working of the cerebral processes, is its ultimate attainment. It reached its highest expression in the deductions of German theologians who wiped God out of existence with a scrap of paper. It attained its highest energy when it disregarded a scrap of paper and wiped Belgium out of existence. From first to last, from the seeds of Nietzsche and Bernhardt to the full flower of crucified babes and Christians murdered at the foot of the Cross last Good Friday, Kultur has depended for its ideals and authority on things devised in the brain of man. It functions from the eyebrows up, this Kultur. . . . The love of God functions from the heart.

Since we went into the war, since our own flesh and blood are being sacrificed in it, we American people have been trying to stamp out every vestige of Kultur. Spies are being caught and punished, alien enemies are being interned, we are taking

German books out of our schools and libraries, we are striving to undo some of the evil wrought in our colleges and universities by those exponents of Kultur, German exchange professors. But are we getting at the root of Kultur? Are we trying to wipe out the worship of the sacred brain?

What would we think of a secret service operative who would be content merely to apprehend the outposts of the enemy spy system? Arresting the insignificant little fellow who wigwags from the housetop or carries seditious propaganda or passes messages would only defeat his end. He must trace the entire system from the little fellow to the big fellow, back to the men who are behind the movement. When he bags his game he bags the big men first because then the outposts, the little fellows, naturally fall into his net. To put it in Biblical language, he does not strain at the gnat.

Now the manifestations of Kultur which we are attacking so lustily today are only the outposts, the little fellows, the gnats. What we must capture and render impotent are the forces which direct these manifestations. There is no use forbidding the teaching of the German language in our schools if we go on thinking like Germans. There is no use disarming Nietzsche, Bernhardt & Co. when we deliver their gospel to the masses under a different guise and with a new trade name. The war against Kultur is a war against force, and force is the most powerful weapon the human brain has devised. The most potent product of the heart, on the other hand, is love. Today these two are face to face. Lift the fight in Picardy above the clouds, and you find it a battle raging between the sacred brain of man and the Sacred Heart of God. In that world on high, where battle is waged with things more terrible than machine guns and tanks, the very angels are fighting to defend the Heart of God.

But down here in the intelligent American home, what?

Still mental efficiency is a fetish with us. We laud the perfect cerebration.

Every year there springs up some new cult to which Americans flock, religions that are nothing more than panaceas for mental disorders and mental fatigue. The evils mankind suf-

fers, these new cults aver, come from the brain: sin—if such a thing as sin can exist—is due to mental deficiency. It is quite logical then, since the center of life is the brain, that there should be religions for the brain—religions for headaches, for the worries of business life, for marital discontent and all those innumerable griefs which come to that part of man lying north of his eyebrows.

It is also natural that these cults should put a premium on the ego and that personal attainment should be their measure of success. And since they gauge success by material possessions, the only conclusion one can reach is that, according to the Kultural cults, the rich man is the complete man; the conqueror, the super-ego is the ultimate aim of life.

But this attitude is not restricted to members of these new-born sects. Look over the magazines which are gaining huge circulations by the simple device of giving the people what they want. What do they want to read? Attainment of this sort—how an \$18 clerk raised his salary to \$40 a week, how So-and-So put over a Big Deal, how to live twenty-four hours a day, how to make 10 per cent on your money.

All of which things pale into insignificance those homely truths, proven for generations, that Christ's defeat on the Cross was the greatest victory the world has ever witnessed, that a man must lose his life to find it, that a man must lose the whole world to gain his soul.

The mental religion is not interested in gaining a soul. It wants the world, and it wants it *now*. Find a Christian Scientist who is content to be poor, find a New Thought devotee who does not believe in himself and his ability to do all things—such do not exist.

Turn then to the men and women whose lives live down the ages as our saintly examples—our Lady, St. Francis, the Russian Sergius, Joan of Arc. They are all heart saints. We have our scholars and holy doctors, yet there is not a single purely mental saint on the Christian calendar. There is not a single saint who has believed in himself. There is not a single example of Kultur. Moreover, the history of Christendom rises and

falls according to the measure with which the heart is made to function in worship.

Today I believe the curve of Christendom is going steadily upward. The most hopeful sign on the horizon is to be found in the attitude of the American people in this war. We have nothing to gain from it save the maintenance of an ideal, and the ideal is a heart ideal. We are fighting to make the world safe for decent people to live in, so that the "just folks" of the world can go about their various occasions unhindered by the rulings of force.

These "just folks," the common run of Americans, are heart people. Their homes are built up on heart ideals. Their worship is the worship of the heart. Their saints are heart saints. Their heroes are heart heroes. They worship a loving God and point their children to the example of Abraham Lincoln as the clearest heart manifestation our nation has produced. These "just folks" may not know it, but when they sacrifice their dollars for the cause, when they dig in their war gardens, when they snip lint and eat rye bread, they are manifesting heart ideals; they are, moreover, giving of themselves that they and their children may worship unhindered the Sacred Heart of God and live lives which reflect the love of that heart!

The lads who are over there may not be conscious of it, but for the same cause are they in the fight—lads who are willing to fling away their lives for an ideal, an ideal of love, an inspiration of the heart. And in their dying for that ideal lies the hope of the race and the future of religion.

Every now and then a writer rises up and accuses the Church of having failed to measure up to this great crisis. The type of mind which can see only the outposts and not the center of the systems naturally argues that the Church has failed because it has failed to bring questions of everyday life into the pulpit. Quite the reverse is the case. The weakness of the Church lies in the fact that it has done this very thing: it has preached politics, sanitation, social service, economics, the newest music, the latest books, everything, in fact, except

the love of God. It has swallowed the gnat—and hoped to find sustenance thereon. It has attacked the little fellows who wigwag to the enemy from their housetops and has not attacked the enemy. It has taken its texts from the daily papers and not from the Holy Bible. It has “turned the altar of God into hustings and the pulpit into a political platform.”

Is it any wonder, then, that when a fight begins between the brain of man and the Heart of God congregations that have been fed on political pabulum and watered Kultur should turn away hungry? The Government knows better than to appeal to the people merely through their brains. The heart and the things the heart is drawn to will be pierced by the German spear. Therefore, says the Government: lend your money; Support the Red Cross! Give to the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus! Not a word of mental appeal. . . . The arrow of patriotism points to the heart, just as the soldier’s spear pointed to the Heart of Christ.

Truly, this war has come as a test of religion. And the test of religion is found not alone in the manner in which a man lives, but the fashion in which he dies. To many of us death will be the ultimate choice between the brain of man and the Heart of God. Especially is this true of those thousands of men who have gone down on battlefields and in hospitals these last three years or more.

Abbé Klein, who has had the privilege of being chaplain to the American Hospital near Paris and therefore in a position to know how soldiers die, tells a story of the turning of a Christian heart. A lad sorely wounded was dying in a private room of the hospital. He had lingered for weeks, and all that medicine could do for him was to withhold the pain until the Night should come down. All that the abbé could do was to go each day and pray with the man—he was too weak to repeat the prayers save a single aspiration. And each day the abbé would go in and whisper to him, “O God, I love Thee!” And each day the lad would repeat the words or nod his head. Then one morning the priest noticed that he said something more,

and leaning over him heard him whisper, "O God, I love Thee—dearly!"

When you read that word "dearly" you want to shout. It was equal to the taking of a German trench. For it was a blow struck at the worship of the brain. It was the leap of a soul upward to the Heart of God.

Theosophy and the Christian Faith

BY THE REV. KENNETH MACKENZIE.

IN a recent call upon one of his parishioners, a rector felt led to speak deprecatingly of the numerous religious fads that are commanding attention. With a patronizing wave of her hand she replied in tones of satisfied conviction, "O, I see good in them all." Weighed in the scales of a well-balanced judgment, this equals the oft repeated slogan of the nineteenth century, "It does not matter what a man believes, so long as he is sincere."

Confessedly, we are confronted by a subtle tendency in these days of cordial toleration. One is narrow, lacking in vision, moved by Pharisaical bigotry, who stands fixedly for "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints." We are so fearful of wounding fine sensibilities, that we are in danger of nullifying the truth in our own lives. In the allurements of this situation, we entertain the suspicion that, after all, with such a diversity of opinions as runs riot in the world, it were not wise to be too sure of any of them. Would that we might dismiss the problem with the complacent remark, "O, there is good in them all."

While we may congratulate ourselves that we have graduated from the aggravating controversies which in the past have marred the peace of Protestantism; and the at times bitter spirit shown in our own communion over the High, the Low and the Broad, let us be warned that the pendulum of expediency may swing too far in the other direction. A spineless faith indicates spiritual paralysis.

Of all the religious peddlers who are knocking at our door, we are to treat of one, whose pack bears the label "Theosophy." Though if we should remove it, we should find that it has been put there to disguise the true nature of the goods therein, "Buddhism." This individual has won our admiration by his winsome approach and we "stop, look and listen."

Some years ago, "a prominent Episcopalian clergyman" gave a lecture entitled, "The Testimony of Theosophy to the Truth of Christianity." If we could lay hands upon his manuscript, we should doubtless find much to instruct us. But Theosophy is not content to let even such a concession stand. It will endure little short of a surrender of Christianity to its more venerable antiquity. For it has age to its advantage, being in the religious arena centuries before our Lord came to earth. If we could adorn ourselves with some Theosophic trimmings and yet remain the real Christians we wish to be, the perplexity would not be so great. But Theosophy exacts that Christianity at the best can be but the handmaid of this more ancient and philosophical system.

Theosophy claims that its doctrines of Karma and of Reincarnation transcend the Christian doctrines of Redemption and the Future Life. These two features are prominently exploited because they directly infringe upon the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall have occasion to study them briefly; but for the present, we may derive some stimulus from the presence of this propaganda in enlightened America.

There are some notable points in Theosophy; this it were idle for us to deny. Our gross materialism has robbed our faith of its mystic power. We have loved "the world and the things of the world." Our blood-bought covenant rights have become obscured by the miasmatic mists of present-day acquisition and enjoyment. Theosophy insists that the inner life is the real life; the flesh is but the tenement in which the true self dwells, and is to be regarded as the servant, not the master. This is a Church truth, based upon the New Testament, but deplorably neglected. Theosophists take time to meditate upon this priceless possession; their contemplations lift them above sordid

motives and engagements. Moreover, the doctrine of Karma arouses to the conviction that a man may not live a life of selfish injustice and expect that it shall have no effect upon his destiny. Reincarnation clarifies the recognition of a future that will be commensurate with the life that is lived here. These doctrines and practices reside within our New Testament, but we have forgotten they were there. And coming to us in the guise of a new (?) religion, we find in the very novelty of their presentation a winsomeness we cannot resist. Thus far the good of Theosophy.

Our province is to ascertain what Theosophy really is. The etymology of the word defines it as the Wisdom of God. Upon us lies the burden of discovering if it, or the Church-acknowledged Word of God shall have that honor.

Theosophy is a philosophical doctrine of life. If we employ its own terminology, may the reader graciously bear with us. "The Great Lodge of Initiates" has conveyed to Mr. A. P. Sinnett, one of its shining lights, an outline of the real nature of man. His classification in his book, *Esoteric Buddhism*, is as follows: (1) The Body (Rupa); (2) Vitality (Prana-Jiva); (3) Astral Body (Linga-Sarira); (4) Animal Soul (Kama-Rupa); (5) Human Soul (Manas); (6) Spiritual Soul (Buddhi); (7) Spirit (Atma). The four material constituents which embrace the Passions, Desires, Life Principles, Astral Body and Physical Body are subject to disintegration in what is commonly called death. They are the Quarternary or mortal four. But the real man called the Triad, Atma, Buddhi, Manas, is imperishable. The constitution of man being thus septenary, it is linked to the seven globes of the planetary system, and partakes with them of Cosmic vibrations, energies and substance. In this field of thought, Theosophy is evolutionary, though it differentiates from the modern hypothesis. For modern evolution is materialistic, while its is mystic.

This system of life links itself with the religions of the East Indians, the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Chaldeans and the Persians; and to the philosophies of Thales, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, the Stoics, the Neo-

Platonists and the German mysticists. It has produced a Restored New Testament, which it is claimed will outlive the present age, in which the Gospels, as we hold them, are proven to be originally a Greek Allegorical Drama, worked over into a fictitious Jewish history.

Theosophy, as a philosophy of life, insists upon a relentless, exacting retribution. Its doctrine of Karma is the universal law of cause and effect, that "unerring law which adjusts effect to cause." Descending from its exalted phraseology, "Karma teaches that 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom'; 'As a man maketh his bed, so must he lie on it.' " "Every man is the architect of his own fortune, be it good or bad, physical, mental, spiritual; and therefore, that a man's salvation—or damnation—is the legitimate or inevitable result under the workings of Karmic law of the thoughts and words and deeds done in the body."

Reincarnation is essentially and intimately related to Karma. For the lives lived in the present period will define the state of men in their coming again into the world to work out another phase of their being. As affecting futurity, Karma is considered beneficent, since "true mercy is not favor, but impartial justice." When we see a cripple so born, we behold a man who in his former earth-life "so reviled, persecuted or otherwise injured a deformed person so persistently or violently as to imprint in his own immortal mind the deformed picture of his victim." Conversely, those who are conditioned favorably to enjoy the good things of this life, are reaping the good they have sown in a previous existence. We can see that such a doctrine can inspire dread in the hearts of some, and influence others to desire the fruition of the highest ideality.

Reincarnation is reinforced by quotations from the Bible. John the Baptist was the reincarnation of Elijah from the reading of Matt. 17:11-13. "Come again ye children of men" (Ps. 90:3) is also proof. St. John affords another illustration in Rev. 10:11. One paragraph on the inter-relation of Karma and Reincarnation by Mr. William Q. Judge, in his book, *The*

Ocean of Theosophy, conveys an interesting disclosure pertinent to the present world-war:

“With Reincarnation the doctrine of Karma explains the misery and suffering of the world, and no room is left to accuse Nature of injustice. The misery of any nation or race is the direct result of the thoughts and acts of the Egos that make up the race or nation. In the dim past they did wickedly and suffer for it. They violated the laws of harmony. The immutable rule is that harmony must be restored if violated. So these Egos suffer in making compensation and establishing the equilibrium of the occult cosmos. The whole mass of Egos must go on incarnating and reincarnating in the nation or race until they have all worked out to the end the causes set up.”

In the reply, our first postulate is that Christianity is a faith. Theosophy is a speculative philosophy. There is a chasm between the two. It has never been bridged. We believe it never can be. Though this philosophy call itself a religion, of which there be many, of faiths there is absolutely and only one. For faith embraces the concept of an intelligent and loving God revealing Himself to the hearts of men. The great promise of the Old Testament is, “Thou shalt know the Lord,” and Christianity has crystalized this in the memorable words of the Son of God, in His matchless prayer recorded in St. John, ch. 17: “Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” This knowledge of God has impelled myriads of men all through the ages, making them strong, courageous, confident and enduring in life’s struggles, and at last sending them forth into the invisible realms with the thrilling assurance that there “they shall see His face.” Theosophy coldly and unsympathetically answers the appeal of the hungry heart in the unchangeable fiat, “God is the Great Unknown.”

This knowledge of God which is the inspiration and impulse of Christianity, is so certainly embedded in the New Testament, that the devout Christian learns to cry with the Apostle, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able

to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." And "the noble army of martyrs" are scarlet-limned on the pages of history, in defense of this truth.

Theosophy is a religion of class isolation and the pride of intellect. The fascinating Swamis who visit our borders appeal exclusively to the cultured, the wealthy, the distinguished. Christianity exalts itself in its beautiful condescension. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." "The common people heard him gladly." "Ye see your calling, brethren, now that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." This last statement, addressed to the Corinthian Christians, reflects a situation which is quite pertinent to our day. They who favor Theosophy and kindred cults have the same opinion of the Cross which is the vital center of Christian belief as did those wisdom-inflated Greeks. "The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God. . . . For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." This attitude of Christianity towards the needy ever exalts the Lord of Christianity, who for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. For though He knew He was equal with God, He emptied Himself to save men.

When one attempts to comprehend the nomenclature of Theosophy, the tax upon the mental capacities is no small consideration. Indeed, Addison Steele, himself not a Christian, expresses an honest opinion of the professing Christians who are espousing this new-old thing:

"In the matter of ridiculing the Bible, the average believer in Theosophy could acquit himself creditably. But Theosophy involves such deep reading, to say nothing of the scores of unfamiliar terms used, that he is truly bewildered. In an off-

hand fashion, I have asked a few of the members for a little light on Theosophy. They stumbled about in a most painful manner. Their minds could not group the fundamental principles of the belief. They were, however, advanced thinkers and Theosophists. Some of them wanted to be odd, so they joined. Some were attracted by the mysterious phrases employed; some because they could wear a badge. Everything said by the leaders was accepted without a murmur. No one would think of analyzing their statements. And they thought themselves liberal."

If any one cares to substantiate Mr. Steele's contention, let him read a text book on Theosophy; and then, by contrast, turn to what St. Paul calls "the simplicity that is in Christ."

The boast of Theosophy is that its roots lie in the Sanscrit Upanishads which ante-date Christianity. This is very valuable to us at this time. If any one of us has ever favored this cult as friendly to Christianity, let him seriously question if in its oriental form, it may not have fallen under the scourge of apostolic condemnation. What if it be that subtle thing "the wisdom of this world" which had enamored the opulent Corinthians? The Greeks had advanced in their culture of the mysteries. If "the Athenians and strangers which were there (Acts 17:21) spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," would the then existent Buddhism have escaped their keen scrutiny and clever minds? On the contrary, do not the advanced mysteries of their day suggest a probable relation to the Hindoo teachings and practises? This query affords food for reflection. What if in the final solution of the problem we discover that the soul-destroying thing against which the New Testament Church was urged to contend was this very Theosophy which so many modern Christians would fain admire?

We have next to consider Karma, which is "the law of balance, of action and reaction inevitably connected with the preceding cause." "It is a moral law of unerring justice." It denies the two essential and emphatic features of the Gospel. In it there is no room for the precious doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, and, as we have indicated, the efficacy of the

redemption on Calvary's Cross. Aye, it repudiates these imperative factors of Christianity with lofty scorn.

No mere logic can satisfy the devotees who bask in the rays of the Theosophical sun. They say they know whereof they speak. And so must we. And we meet the challenge in the indubitable witness of human experience. The central fact of the Christian system is the Deity of Jesus Christ. If He be not the unique Son of God, the entire fabric of belief must be reconstructed. If we ask the "saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs," they will give us no uncertain reply. Be sure that the Fatherhood of God as established by our Lord is not that modern thing so eloquently exploited from some Christian pulpits. The New Testament concept of the brotherhood of man is not that of Theosophy, "Humanity is one great family." We have our creature kinship to men and to God. This is conceded by St. Paul in his address to the Athenians. But there is another and firmly established relation to God which transcends that of creation. It is the sonship of a re-creation in Christ Jesus. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father but the Son and he to whom the Son will reveal him." If there be numerous loosely attached Christians in our day who are ignorant of this truth, they are in a sad antipodes to that ecstatic throng, of whom we sing, "The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee, the Father of an infinite Majesty"; and that Jesus Christ, the revealer of the Father, is His "adorable, true and only Son" comes to us solely through the "Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

Need we stress the wonderful and glorious aspects of the Fatherhood of God in the lives of those who have been born again? The sense of the divine presence, not an essence nor an atmosphere, but "a living reality," the loving committal to Him of the trials and problems, the joyousness of promises proven, the gladness of service in His name and the ever-brightening vision of the coming life with all its potentialities—how these things and more too, have warmed the hearts of believers and energized them for life's fulfillment!

But we do not obtain the true perspective of the Father-

hood of God and the Sonship of our Lord and our consequent identity of relation, until we understand the Cross. Karma has no place for divine pity. The God of Theosophy has no heart, for it is not a person. It pervades the universe with relentless exactitude, a blind, inscrutable Something, undefined and unfelt. The Word of God teems with the most comfortable assurance that our Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts, knows and loves and cares. Note how many times in the Old Testament the "loving kindness," the "tender mercies," the "forgiveness" of God are mentioned. Contemplate that word "Grace," which adorns the New Testament. We call it "unmerited favor." But that definition fails to convey its deeper meaning. It is indeed so rich in its delineation of the compassion of God that we must wait until eternity to understand it. Let any would-be Theosophist read prayerfully the section in the Epistle to the Ephesians, chapter two, verses four to ten. And even there he will find but a faint reflection of the matchless tenderness of an intelligent Father for His lost and recovered children.

Theosophy has no cure for sin. The Cross of Calvary is the eternally triumphant pledge that sin has been met and conquered. He who hung upon it "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," for "He was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Dare we surrender this crucial fact to the mere fancy that the idea of sin is a delusion; or that if it exists, the law of unerring justice demands that every man shall expiate his own sin? We may not question the fitness of Karma. Every man who sees himself in the true light will admit that he deserves to suffer for his sins. But suppose in so doing he makes his Redeemer a liar, and does despite unto the Spirit of grace? Can we twentieth century Christians afford to repudiate the witness of the centuries past in which this cardinal truth of the Cross has been expressed in the Consecration Prayer, "All glory be to Thee Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for that Thou, of Thy tender mercy, didst give Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; Who made

there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world”?

As Reincarnation is indissolubly related to Karma, so the New Testament thrills with visions of the life of the redeemed in the age to come. Reincarnation compels a man to return to this earth, and in incomprehensible phases of possible change of sex, personality, occupation or position, to work out, utterly unconscious of the reason why, a destiny that ends in Nirvana, the extinction of individuality. It would seem as though our Lord and His apostles understood this awful perversion of the purpose of God and put all emphasis upon the futurity which should glorify God and beautify a once marred humanity. Harken to the praiseful voices that cry, “Thou art worthy . . . for Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.” Dwell rapturously, O child of God, upon this portraiture of thy destiny, “Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence we look for the Lord Jesus, who shall transfigure this body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory.” Shall we choose Karma in place of these exhilarating assurances which represent a whole body of doctrine respecting the future life?

We may contrast the ideality of Theosophy and Christianity in a brief mention of the Mahatmas, those adepts in occultism, before whom only the initiated may stand, whose mystic play in the lives of Theosophists is the great desideratum. They are called “the Elder Brothers of Humanity perfected in former periods of evolution.” No greater joy can come to the adoring Theosophist than a vision of one of these weird gnomes, some of whom dwell in the caves of Thibet. The Christian is possessed of a passion for Christ. One glowing outburst of desire will illustrate the normal craving of the new-born soul in God, “That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conform-

able unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection from amongst the dead."

We have suggested that history witnesses to the power of Christianity in lives that are won to God, transformed and exalted into realms of blessing among men. No elucidation of this is necessary. All the world knows it. But what has the parent of Theosophy, Buddhism to present? In India, its home and fertile ground of growth, it bred and nourished a despicable caste distinction, which ground to the earth the poorer classes; it degraded womankind; it compelled the young widow to throw herself upon the funeral pyre of her dead husband; because Karma had no relief from the agonies of a torturing conscience, frenzied souls cast themselves under the crunching wheels of the Juggernaut car or into the flowing waters of the Ghanges, their children, too, sharing their miserable fate at times. Would that we might have the space to allow the Pundita Ramabai, that consecrated East Indian Christian, tell her story of the horrors of this régime. Well does *The Reis and Rayyet*, an influential newspaper of northern India scorn Mrs. Annie Besant in commenting upon her rhapsodies over *The Beauties of Hinduism*, in this scathing arraignment: "When an English lady of decent culture professes to be an admirer of pantric mysticism and Krishna worship, it becomes every wellwisher of the country to tell her plainly that sensible men do not want her eloquence for gilding that which is rotten."

One final word. The Greeks named man *anthropos*, the being with a face, the uplooker. Of all creation, he alone has an erect spine. He shares with the lower orders the need for food and rest; he beholds a world upon which they also look; he hears sounds appreciable to their instincts; but he is qualified to translate what he sees and hears into realms of comprehension superlatively beyond them. The achievements of the intellect of man are the marvel of history. But what if there shall be found in man another quality, which only Christianity has claimed to have discovered? In every true heart there is a longing for God, a desire to please God, the sublime ideal that to be right with God is ever to be safe, now and for all

time. Shall we suffer a speculative philosophy to invade this sacred realm and deaden those spiritual aspirations which have ever been the charge of Christianity to nurse and bring to fruition?

Our Lord Jesus taught the necessity of faith; He longed to find it among men; He deplored its absence; by it alone He was able to meet the needs of men; He sublimated faith into the loftiest realm of achievement and destiny. It permeates the Word of God from Abel to the Sage of Patmos. Shall we repudiate this splendid edifice, divinely planned, erected and preserved, at the behest of smooth-tongued teachers of the Orient, with their fanciful hypotheses of origins and destinies, their cumbersome nomenclature, their mystic unrealities? For in the last analysis, we do fervently affirm that Theosophy is not a revelation from God, but a purely human product; it is not a confidence to make men strong and brave and glad for life's battles and death's conflict. It is purely and obstinately a cold, dead fatalism.

Are we disposed to think of this problem with but a superficial concern? Is it anything to us that souls dear to the heart of God are being ensnared by this subtle deception? Is He waiting for the watchmen to sound the alarm? And dare they be indifferent to the peril? Who will seriously and prayerfully meet the challenge, and face this "Heathen Invasion" with a bravery born of the Holy Spirit of God, and answer its arrogant advance with the confident cry, "You shall not pass"?

The Chaplain Afloat

BY THE REV. ALBERT C. LARNED, U.S.N.

A GOOD deal is known by the public about the work of our priests in the Army, but very little concerning the position of the chaplain in the Navy. The Army is larger and is seen more while the Navy keeps a great deal of its activities to itself for reasons that are self-evident. Except for occasional glimpses of ships at sea or in some port the public sees very little of the Navy and often shows a lamentable ignorance of the subject when it meets with officers in uniform. Probably most people suppose that there is a chaplain on every ship and that he holds a service once on Sunday; that when this duty is done he has performed all that is required of him. The facts of the case are far different. Previous to our entrance into the Great War there were not enough chaplains to man half the ships of the Navy to say nothing of the stations ashore. At the present time the corps has been increased to such an extent by the Naval Militia and Naval Reserve, and by the applications of candidates for the regular Service that there are enough chaplains for most of the ships and for all the land stations. Besides the religious duties of the chaplains the Navy gives them many secular duties which are required to be as faithfully performed as are the religious ones.

Almost every religious denomination in the United States is represented in the Chaplains Corps, with, of course, a very large representation of the Roman Church. As we have only about 5 per cent. of every ship's company who are communicants of the Church it is not surprising to find few "Episcopal" chaplains afloat, though we have the largest number in proportion to our size. Consequently, the Priest-Chaplain aboard ship finds himself in a hard place. As a representative of non-Roman Christianity he is classed as a "Protestant" by the Navy; and so hard and fast is this rule that on visiting a hospital on one occasion I found that it was impossible to find who were

Churchmen among the patients as the only religious distinctions known were Protestant and Catholic (Roman). Because of this classification our young men may be deprived of making their confessions and receiving the Holy Communion at the hands of a priest of our Church. The Church Chaplain's position is made very difficult for the simple reason that he seems to be put in a position of choosing to obey the rubrics of the Church and thus minister to a very small minority or of disregarding them and giving to all the baptized the Food of Life. As a government officer receiving his pay for the work he does and is expected to do, he cannot honestly minister to only a few, disregarding the many Protestants who with much piety and zeal desire at times to receive Holy Communion. As a Priest he longs to bring all to the knowledge of the Catholic Faith and he realizes that only force of circumstances over which he has no control make it necessary to give to the unconfirmed the Precious Food of the Eucharist. Even if they are ignorant of the Real Presence they are conscious of a blessing received for "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The Roman chaplain has the great advantage of numbers, and on every ship he has a good-sized parish of his own; in fact, with his daily Mass and large numbers of confessions to hear he is almost as busy as on shore. A law enforced by authority is a law obeyed and respected and such is the position of the Roman Church concerning "intercommunion," which puts the Roman chaplain in a position if not of charity at least of comprehension before the world. Sometimes, however, "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life."

With over a thousand men of all faiths and no faith the Padre has plenty to do. Life at sea is monotonous, and simple recreation and amusement much needed when it can be procured, and the chaplain can do much to make a happy ship. When at sea he goes round and talks to the men trying to get to know them individually; when in port he takes ashore "Recreation Parties" for hikes into the country which mean much to men who perhaps have not set their feet on dry land for two months. As a mail censor the Chaplain has a great opportunity

to come in close contact with the men. After reading several thousand letters mostly written to the other sex the Padre has a pretty good insight into human nature, and realizes the tremendous power that Home and Womanhood exert on the lives of the boys in the Navy. The fact that the minister of religion is an officer with the uniform and rank assigned him may be the cause of a certain reserve towards him on the part of the enlisted men. This is a situation that has been created years ago by the Navy Department that a chaplain is a commissioned officer in the Service, and may advance in promotion from the grade of Lieutenant Junior to the rank of Captain. Whether or not this is a good system it is not my business to discuss in this article. It has some great advantages and some hindrances. It is entirely up to the Padre whether or not he allows his rank to become a bar to his associations with the men; the position of Chaplain has by tradition the great advantage of being regarded as a bridge between the officers and the enlisted men, and his rank can be made an asset to his work rather than an obstacle if he has that all important requirement of life—tact. In the British navy the Chaplain has no rank or uniform and is responsible only to the captain of his ship.

Sunday on board a battleship is an impressive day in spite of the fact that the great majority of the ship's company do not go to church, and that many are ashore on recreation. Of course each chaplain is a law to himself, for there is absolutely no central authority in the conduct of religious affairs except among the Roman Catholics who have a Bishop as Chaplain-General of the Military and Naval Forces. I can only describe my duty on Sunday which may be entirely different from some other chaplain's. At 6:30 a. m. I had every Sunday a Celebration of the Holy Communion in the Admiral's Cabin, which owing to the absence of an admiral was used by the Captain who kindly allowed us to use the room. There were never many at this service but the devotion of the few and the regularity of some was most encouraging. On Christmas and Easter there were about thirty present, several coming

over from a neighboring ship. At ten o'clock the Church Call was sounded by the bugler, and the Church Pennant run up over the national ensign astern, the only flag ever to fly above the Stars and Stripes. Two gun compartments on the gun deck were rigged for church, and the altar, which was made for me by the "Carpenter's Gang" aboard, was placed between the two facing outboard while the benches for the men were arranged so that part of the congregation faced forward and the other part aft and I stood in the middle of them. The service was very simple and hearty, being an abbreviated form of Morning Prayer, while the hymns were taken from *The Church Mission Hymnal*. The attendance varied but averaged lately about two hundred. Of the congregation not five per cent. were Episcopalians, while every kind of religion was represented. I found a particularly strong denomination from the West known as "The Christian," and certainly many of this sect lived up to their name. The Bible Class Friday evenings was very popular and all kinds of men including Roman Catholics came to the class and seemed deeply interested. Never during the eleven years of my ministry have I had a more interesting Bible Class, for it consisted of men from all parts of the country and all kinds of creeds. Sunday afternoon was generally given up to recreation and I would take parties ashore for "Hikes" into the country, or for baseball. In the evening nearly everyone went to the movies, which were held on the Quarter-deck, if the weather permitted, and were always exceptionally good. The Pathé Pictures of Current Events were some of the finest pictures I have ever seen in my life, and were always followed by an exciting photoplay. The importance of such amusement for men who lead the monotonous and strict life of sea duty can hardly be overestimated; and the utter failure of Puritanism to hold its people is well proven by a Sunday on board ship. Religion must be a cheerful thing and associated with innocent play and amusement if it is to appeal to the sailor in these days. And is not the sailor right? Why should we ever again allow the awful spectre of Calvinism to cloud the sweet and joyful

message of the Gospel? The funereal aspect of Christianity has met its final defeat in the Great War. So "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile," and in doing so you are not far from the spirit of him who said, "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice."

During the last year I have seen men taken from all sorts and conditions of life and absolutely transformed by the rigid and wholesome discipline of the Navy. Lads who a year ago were mere boys with no sense of responsibility, now are men keen and alert and ready to sink a submarine or give their lives in the attempt. The Navy is a great service, and deserves the greatest respect and confidence that the Country can give, for it is a wonderful moulder of life. It seems to me that it is not so much the Navy and the Army that are on trial these days as it is the spirit of the people at home. The sailor looks to his home and to his home Church for inspiration and guidance, and God grant that he may not look in vain. One thing is certain and that is that after the War is over and the boys come Home life is going to be a different business than it ever was before. The Church can hold and increase its hold on the men who come back if Religion is regarded as life and not as an extra. The great fundamentals of the Faith are the only things that count and the little squabbles and jealousies that have been so fruitful of mischief in the past must stop forever or the power of the Church will be lost. Those of us who are on active service see and realize this as our brethren who are still taken up with the activities of parochialism cannot. During the year that I spent as Chaplain of the *U. S. S. Georgia* I do not remember receiving a single letter from a priest asking me to look up some member of his parish serving on board; though from a Baptist Minister, a Presbyterian minister and from a Lutheran society I received letters in regard to their people or some member of their flock. When a lot of ships are together with at least five per cent. on each one, Churchmen, when out of all those ships there are not half a dozen chaplains who are priests of our Church, and when these ships with their enormous crews are at anchor frequently in some port where there is an Episcopal Church, is it not

strange that no effort is made by the local Church to minister to these Churchmen, aside from the efforts of some naval chaplain? The American Church has not waked up to its opportunities, and not until it does (and the field for Confirmation is very ripe in the Navy) will it deserve that sacred and hard to be won title "American Catholic."

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The Religion of Our Soldiers and Sailors

IT is encouraging news from the front that the Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces in France, General Pershing has recently received the sacrament of confirmation from the hands of Bishop Brent, our Chaplain General. Let us pray that his example may have an invigorating effect upon the officers and men in all ranks of the army and navy.

The war has been testing as by fire the spiritual superstructures that have been built upon the one Foundation by the various Christian agencies at work in the modern world. Some are indeed of silver and gold; but many are of wood, hay, and stubble. Only those who have been thoroughly instructed and well grounded in the practice of their religion are standing the test successfully.

The clergy who have been working at the various military camps in this country have had much the same experience as the English and Canadian chaplains. They have found that many men who profess to be "Episcopalians" have only the vaguest notions as to what is implied by membership in the

Church. This general impression has been well summed up by the Bishop of Fredericton in his charge to his Synod, as reported in *The Canadian Churchman*:

“From what I have seen and heard, I should be of opinion that there is among the men of our own communion an extraordinary failure to grasp the fact that the Church is anything more than an organization to carry on religious services. There is certainly very little recognition of the Church as the Body of Christ and as the centre of spiritual authority on earth. The average soldier has only the vaguest idea of himself as being, by virtue of his baptism, enrolled in a Divine Society, the characteristic marks of which are fellowship and service. There is no real sense of membership with corporate privileges and corporate responsibilities. And most of all, perhaps, the fact would seem to have emerged from the experience of the war that, for the average Churchman, the Holy Communion means nothing much more than a dim and distant ordinance, with no very clear relationship to the ordinary life.”

The Bishop goes on to show that this does not mean necessarily that these young men have none of the fruits of religion in their lives, or that they are ungodly or immoral. They are ignorant of what is commonly called religion, but they often exhibit some of the best elements of the Christian character, such as patience, faithfulness, cheerfulness, and unselfishness.

Why then is not this enough? In fact, many are telling us to-day that this is enough and that one of the results of the war will be that all dogmatic and sacramental religion will be swept away, and a religion of simple morality will take its place. The Church will be relegated to oblivion and something like the Y. M. C. A. will be the religion of the future.

The answer to all of this is short and simple. We have the fruits of religion in the world to-day because the Church has been teaching religion and administering the sacraments for nineteen centuries. If you chop down the tree, it is only a question of time when the fruits of the tree can no longer be produced.

The Duty of the Church in Time of War

AT a recent Sunday afternoon service in St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, an address was made by Lieutenant Roselli of the Italian Army, setting forth the war aims of Italy. According to the report in *The Living Church* of May 4, 1918, this Cathedral now adapts its afternoon and evening services to war-time interests and needs. In an article in the Calendar on "The Leadership of the Church," Dean Rousmaniers explains his view of the duty now resting upon the Church:

"The opportunity before the Christian Churches in this country is almost startlingly plain. The allied nations are rapidly subordinating their individual policies to the necessity of defeating the Teutonic powers. There is now a generalissimo on the front, a brilliant French general. All the armies are one army under his direction. We can no longer speak of the front as British, French, or Italian. From the Adriatic to the Channel runs the front of the free nations united as one nation. This is the greatest event of the year in the war. To recognize this and to interpret it is the duty of the Church to-day. We are called as Christians not simply to exhort our men to fight for their country, or their parents to give their sons willingly in our country's defense. We must make plain the unity of the nations in a spiritual purpose. We must rally our people to toil and give and sacrifice for the end toward which all free people are struggling. We must let our allies speak from our pulpits of their own interpretation of the common purpose and their own contribution to the victory that must come."

If the Dean is right, then many of us are wholly in the wrong in supposing that all this sort of thing was the function of the State, and that it could best be fulfilled by pronouncements from the President and others in authority, by addresses from public platforms, and by articles in newspapers and magazines. Then, too, many of us are hopelessly mediaeval in supposing that the function of the Church was to preach the Christian religion and minister to the souls of men.

It would be interesting to know whether the Rev. R. J. Campbell had this question as to the function of the Church in mind when he wrote his illuminating article on "Our City of Refuge"

in *The Churchman* of May 4, 1918. May we not believe that the concluding paragraph of his article has some relevancy to the question we have asked?

"The Church is a City of Refuge from the world, not the servant of the world nor one more organization added to the multitude that make up the sorry world and are destined to pass away with it or before it; the Church is a ship to outride the storm that overwhelms secular institutions and individual fortunes, it is not a thing that man can either make or destroy; the Church shall live when nations and civilizations cease to be, indestructible, imperishable, but only because it is not of this world but of that which is to come."

Biblical Criticism and the War

MUCH scorn has been heaped of late upon the views of the Bible that have emanated from Germany. The conservatives in Biblical criticism are now revelling in jubilation. "I told you so" is the burden of their song. Have they not warned us these many years that German criticism was undermining the authority of the Scriptures and the Christian faith; and that this must have disastrous effects upon our whole civilization? And now their dire predictions have come true: the destructive Biblical criticism of German scholars has resulted in the destruction of the peace of the world.

In this hour of triumph it would be perilous to suggest to them that these same critical views have been almost equally prevalent among English and American scholars, and yet German militarism and *Kultur* could hardly be said to hold sway in these countries before the war. They would accuse you of pro-German sympathies and turn away from you in disgust.

"The worm will turn" however. The despised advocates of modern critical views of the Bible are now accusing the orthodox of bringing on the war. It appears that the ruling classes of Germany, the Kaiser, the Junkers, and the military staff, were not the ardent higher critics that the orthodox would have us believe. Rather, they were reeking with orthodoxy. This

is the contention of an editorial in *The Biblical World* for May, 1918. In answer to the charge that the war is the outcome of German higher criticism, we read this counter-charge:

“Nothing could be more absurd. The theology of the Kaiser is not the theology of the modern theological world. It is the theology of orthodoxy and of confessionalism. The God he sets forth is the same God that the theological reactionary presents. He is not the God of Jesus; he is not the God of the prophets. He is the God of the persecutor. He is the God to whom Luther appealed when he justified the slaughter of the peasants; the God summoned to justify the imprisonment of Grotius, the persecution of Crypto-Calvinists, the execution of John of Barneveldt.

The war is an outstanding evidence of the bankruptcy of orthodoxy as a moral force among nations. The theology which is preached by these reactionaries is the same theology which has justified every war which has been fought since the days of Christ. It is born of the misuse of Scripture, an unwillingness to face the moral demands of Jesus, and a denial of the supremacy in history of a God of love and justice.”

It is an unwelcome task to be an arbiter between two such contradictory opinions. We gravely question, however, whether German Biblical criticism or the old-fashioned criticism of the conservative school have as much bearing upon the war as the man in the moon. The moon at least does affect the tides, and the tides affect the commerce of the world; and we vaguely suspect that commerce has had some remote connection with the war. The Pan-German plan for a world-wide commercial supremacy, under the sway of Prussian absolutism, was the fundamental cause of the war. That ambitious dream would have brought on this war sooner or later, whether all the professors of Germany had been as heretical as Haeckel or as orthodox as the Pope.

The Soul of a French Sailor

ONE Sunday morning early in May, a New York man was walking along upper Broadway and noticed a young French sailor standing alone on the corner of the street. He was a

mere boy, not more than nineteen, and there was a homesick longing in his eyes. The man addressed the youth in French and asked him if he would not like to come to his home and have a cup of tea. He seemed overjoyed at hearing his own language, and accepted the invitation.

Upon learning that the sailor was a devout Catholic, from the upper coast of Brittany, the man prevailed upon his Irish cook to make a present of her rosary to the young man. The simple soul of the sailor was deeply touched by this act of kindness, and he proceeded to unbosom himself of all that was troubling him. He was homesick and very sad, for he had lately received the news that his beloved father had been killed in action on the French front. His host thereupon suggested that they attend mass together at the French Church of Notre Dame, which was only a few blocks away on Morningside Drive. The youth responded gladly to this suggestion.

As they knelt together, the sailor prayed with great intensity of devotion, with his head thrown back and his eyes uplifted, as if he were beholding His Divine Saviour in glory. Finally as the older man turned to see if the youth was ready to go, he observed a great tear on the boyish cheek. As they were leaving the church, the sailor took the arm of his friend and exclaimed with a sigh, "Why couldn't they leave us alone? We were so happy!"

What Shall We Call Ourselves?

THERE is a certain type of mind that is sorely irritated by the unfitness of the legal title of that part of the Church to which we are subject. People of this type are also as a general rule given to applying to themselves and others party designations, such as High, Low, or Broad, Catholic or Protestant.

While we quite agree that our present legal title is about as obnoxious and inadequate a title as could be devised, we venture to submit that a very simple way out of the difficulty would

be for us all to make use of it as little as possible. It must, of course, be used in wills and other legal documents, and in parochial and diocesan reports. But must we always be in a legal and parochial frame of mind? Surely it were better to accustom ourselves to a larger and wider outlook on things spiritual, and to see this world and the Church as far as we may from the standpoint of God.

Why should we not follow the example of the Book of Common Prayer? In the creeds we are made to say that we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, or in one Catholic and Apostolic Church. In the office of the baptism we pray that the child may be received "into the ark of Christ's Church," and when he is signed with the sign of the cross, he is received "into the congregation of Christ's flock." Later on he is spoken of as "regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's Church." It is "the Church" that "hath thought good to order" that at the time of his confirmation he should "openly and before the Church" ratify and confirm his baptismal vows. Throughout the ordinal it is "the Church" or "this Church" that is mentioned; and the man who is ordained is not made a minister in a denomination of greater or less extent, but he receives the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest or a bishop "in the Church of God." In the Holy Communion office we pray "for the whole state of Christ's Church militant."

The fact of chief consequence in this connection is that we are trying to be sincere followers of Christ in the twentieth century by being loyal to the Church which He established in the first century. That Church is the Holy Catholic Church. If we do not belong to that, it makes little difference what we call ourselves. But if we do belong to it, why should we want to call ourselves anything but Christians and Catholics? We call ourselves Christians to distinguish ourselves from Jews and Mohammedans and Buddhists; and Catholics to distinguish ourselves from those who have departed from the faith and practice of the Catholic Church. All other titles are superfluous, petty, and divisive; and the more broad-minded and large-hearted we become in our Christian profession, the less we shall permit ourselves to use them.

The Ideal Christian Soldier

THOSE who read several months ago in the newspapers the last letter to his mother of Lieutenant Giosuè Borsi, who died heroically on the Isonzo, November 10, 1915, will be glad to know of a pamphlet called "A Voice from the Trenches," containing an account of his last days, extracts from his diary of Colloquies with God, his last letter to his mother, and his spiritual will. The Rev. Pasquale Maltese, an Italian priest of New York City, has spent half his salary in publishing this little book. The full text of the Colloquies, translated into English by Father Maltese, has just been brought out by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York.

Lieutenant Borsi was the son of a famous anti-Catholic journalist, and at twenty-two he succeeded his father as an opponent of the Church and became the editor of the *Nuovo Giornale* of Florence. He was a distinguished poet and writer, and considered as Italy's foremost commentator on Dante. His mother, however, was a devout Catholic, and it was no doubt her prayers, along with his father's sudden death, the loss of a beloved sister, and the friendship of the great Florentine seismologist, Father Guido Alfani, that brought him back to the old faith.

The selections given us in this little book by Father Maltese are singularly beautiful and inspiring, and easily take rank with the supreme devotional literature of the Church. Take, for example, this paragraph from the last letter to his mother:

"If He wanted to reserve me for other work, He could have permitted me to survive. Since He has called me to Himself, it is a sign that such was the best thing that could have happened and the best thing for me. He knows what He is doing, and it remains for us to bow and to adore, accepting with trustful joy His most exalted will."

Or again, what could be more beautifully simple than this typically Christian sentiment, expressed in a letter to a friend?

"Life is a sum of money that must be spent; it is the same whether it be spent all at once, or little by little; what really matters is that it be spent well. So, if the Lord affords me a

favorable opportunity for spending this sum of money all at once, I accept and hail the opportunity with joy."

We have been informed by a friend of his that Father Maltese has adopted Borsi's mother, and writes to her regularly. He tries to comfort her by assuring her that he will use her son's life to win soldiers to God. Certainly there can be nothing better to put into the hands of our young men in the army and navy than this little pamphlet. It is published by Father Maltese, 1495 Commonwealth Avenue, New York.

BOOK REVIEWS

Birkbeck and the Russian Church, containing Essays and Articles by the late W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A., written in the years 1888-1915. Collected and edited by his friend Athelstan Riley, M.A. Published for the Anglican and Eastern Association by the S.P.C.K., London; The Macmillan Co., New York, 1917, \$3.00.

The late Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, who probably did more than any other person to bring the Anglican and Russian Churches into closer and more sympathetic touch with one another, had long planned to prepare and publish a companion volume to his *Russia and the English Church* (1895), in which he had collected and commented upon the correspondence between Mr. William Palmer of Magdelen and M. Khomiakoff, a Russian layman well-trained in theology. For one reason or another the plan never came to fruition. A debt of gratitude is therefore due his friend Mr. Athelstan Riley, also a prominent member of the Anglican and Eastern Association, for collecting the scattered papers left by Mr. Birkbeck, linking them together by illuminating comment, and publishing them in the present volume. The book suffers inevitably from the occasional character of much of its contents, though on the other hand it would be difficult to find such a wealth of material anywhere else. There are valuable accounts of Russian Church history, interesting descriptions of Russian practice, a disquisition on the theology of the Russian Church, and detailed accounts of the various steps toward the *rapprochement* of the Russian and Anglican Churches, such as the attendance of the Bishop of Peterborough (accompanied by Mr. Birkbeck) at the coronation of the Tzar, the visit of the late Archbishop of York to Russia, and the visit of the Archbishop of Finland to England. The volume is a timely

summary of the state of opinion in the Russian Church at the end of the old regime, and particularly interesting now that Russia is in the grip of anarchy, for the fate of the Russian Church must be of real concern to Anglican Christians. The concluding remarks of Mr. Riley are suggestive: "To forecast events in Russia at this moment is difficult indeed. But we may hazard the opinion that the present politicians who have climbed into power will not retain their places; their program is too violently opposed to all that Russia has stood for in the past. The conversion of the Empire into one homogeneous Republic is hardly possible. . . . We are more likely to see a counter-revolution, or by some less drastic process, the restoration of the Empire in a modified form." Beyond that it appears that no one can forecast the course of events in Russia, or predict the fate of the Russian Church under the changed conditions.

L. G.

Christianity and Immortality. By the Rev. Vernon F. Storr, M.A., Canon of Winchester Cathedral. New York, Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.50 net.

Recent world events, combined with a splendid reinforcement of modern knowledge, have discredited the materialism of years of peace, self-indulgence and tranquility, and the subject of the Hereafter has acquired an extraordinary interest. Canon Storr has given us a book which will help to enrich and purify the faith of its readers in some of the greatest and most comforting truths of the Christian religion. Eight chapters of closely reasoned argument, preceded by an admirable Synopsis of Contents, leave little untouched which might help to deepen thought upon the subject of personal immortality, the assurance of continued consciousness and identity raising the Christian belief far above the vague speculations which talk of the absorption of souls into the cosmic forces of the universe, or theories of successive transmigrations and reincarnations. The author is more than tolerant to every source of information. In regard to Spiritualism he truly remarks that "new knowledge is always coming to light, and it is our duty to preserve an open mind" . . . It is eminently unfair to group all Spiritualists indiscriminately in one class. Yet Spiritualism as a branch of scientific research is one thing. Quite another is Spiritualism as a substitute for religion, . . . the latter we must condemn."

The Moral Argument of Immortality, we are told "is many-sided and cumulative. It consists of a number of converging lines of proof, which

taken together form a satisfactory foundation for the belief." . . . "Finally, we fall back on the fact of God. The existence of God provides the surest basis for our belief in immortality. . . . Can it be that He will allow to perish a being whose special characteristic is that he possesses a share in the divine nature?" Again, Christ "assumed man's immortality, rather than argued to prove it. Eternal life is the life of God in the soul."

Chapter 3 on the Resurrection of the Body is the very best of the book, and contains a remarkable and illuminating answer to many of the difficulties and perplexities which beset the Christian in his thought, particularly in regard to the Post-Resurrection appearances.

The Social Aspect of Immortality discussed in chapter 4 throws light on some of the dark problems of Final Destiny (chapter 7). Universal Restoration is admissible as a hope but may not be enunciated as a dogma. Still less tenable is the theory of Conditional Immortality.

Attention is called in Chapter 6 to the reticence of Jesus on the subject of the future life. This is certainly in contrast to the dogmatism which characterizes many speculative writings. Yet it is clear that Our Lord never shared the existing doubts as to the possibility of a resurrection, and the nature of the future life.

This leads us to a brief reference to the closing chapter which speaks of the splendour and fullness of the Christian hope of immortality; the survival of personality carrying with it recognition of those we knew and loved on earth, but culminating in the Visio Dei. "The reserve of Christianity about the future," says Canon Storr, "is magnificently strong," and, in the words of another writer, we would add, "that is the truest faith, which to a child's ignorance of many things joins a childlike certainty that God Who made us, knows what is best for each of us, and will give us what is best."

W. H. B.

Religious Reality. A Book for Men. By Rev. A. E. J. Rawlinson. Longmans, Green, \$1.50.

This book is written with the avowed intention "of explaining what, in the writer's judgment, the faith and practice of the Christian Church really is." And the writer has excellent judgment, not only about the faith and practice of the Christian Church but also how to present it to men of intelligence.

The book is excellently made, of convenient size for its purpose which is not that of a pocket manual or in any sense a work of devotional read-

ing, but a clear-cut presentation of the outlines of Christian theory, practice, and of maintenance of the Christian life for serious study.

It presents a working plan of the entire Christian Religion in 183 pages, and it would be difficult to point out a phase of Christianity which it wholly omits.

There is lacking in this book that tone of positive assurance which the convinced Catholic might be expected to use. One is not certain whether this,—(which is, after all, only a “tone,”) is due to the writer’s experience having been chiefly among those for whom he specifically writes, i. e., such as are in his phrase “ignorant of the implications of . . . baptism . . . indifferent to the claims of a religion which he fails to understand;” or whether it be due to certain “modernistic” tendencies and associations. But if this be a kind of Modernism it is very wholesome, and a tremendous improvement upon the type of Anglicanism which has starved the souls of its people into a kind of muddled respectability,—the timid churchmanship of the Moderate Anglican.

The following extract illustrates what is meant by the lack of positive assurance: “What does it mean to confess the Deity of Christ? It means just this: that we take the character of Christ as our clue to the character of God: that we interpret the life of Christ as an expression of the life of God: that we affirm the conviction, based upon deep and unshakeable personal experience, that ‘God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.’” But it is only fair to quote this, as an offset: “. . . . and we shall not in the end be able to stop short of confessing Him as God.”

The whole book is an effort at intelligent persuasion, and it attempts to persuade men to understand and do the right things, which is much better than the kind of persuasion used in their books by the dry-as-dust, orthodox theologians of the Middle Victorian era; even though it lacks the convinced joyousness of a Catholic like Walter Carey. “Religious Reality” would be a splendid book for some multi-millionaire to use as a present for every vestryman in the Anglican Communion. It would corroborate the faith and practice of such as were Catholics; stimulate the great army of Church officials who think they are Evangelicals; and perhaps cause the “Modern Churchmen” to realize that there is something more in Christianity than social service.

H. S. W.

Life in the World to Come. By the Rt. Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. Milwaukee, The Young Churchman Co., \$1.25.

Although at the present time there is an awakened interest in the

problems connected with the future life, the general attitude towards the hereafter is a strange mixture of fatalistic ignorance and superstitious curiosity hardly creditable to an age of boasted intelligence.

In the book before us Bishop Walpole has well sustained his reputation as a clear and convincing religious writer. It is divided into two parts: 1. The Promise of Immortality, and 2. The Fulfilment.

The author in a course of five Lenten Sermons on Immortality shows a belief in the persistence of life after death to have been instinctive in every part of the world, in every age, and among men representing every degree and variety of culture. In the Old Testament there is great reserve and restraint, but it is the reticence of a confident faith, and although the hope is rather collective than individual, yet the existence of the soul after death is always assumed. But it was "Christ Jesus, who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light" and gave in His teaching and appearances the revelation of the nature of that immortality for which we have an instinctive longing, while the Gospel of the resurrection formed the substance of the apostolic preaching.

In Part II is shown the Fulfilment of the Promise in the Risen Christ, by His Revelation of Himself to the Stricken Mother; to St. Mary Magdalene, the Desolate Friend; to the Disappointed Patriot; and to The Depressed Church, and in four delightful chapters we find these topics interpreted and applied to the sorrow and distress with which we are all too familiar.

The author's literary style makes easy reading, and the simplicity of his treatment of a great subject should make it intelligible to everyone.

W. H. B.

An Angel of Light. By the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, Christian Alliance Pub. Co., 1917.

The Rector of Holy Trinity Memorial Church, Westport, Conn., has for many years made a special study of the cults that oppose themselves to Christianity—some of them with a more or less plausible plea of supplementing its alleged incompleteness, and some with the outspoken purpose of supplanting it. More than once has he sounded a warning. In his latest volume he discusses the same old foes of Christianity: Theosophy, Christian Science, New Thought, and Spiritualism. The roots of all may be found in Oriental Occultism. The first three can readily be traced back to ancient Hindu religious and philosophical speculations, while the last one seems to have been common throughout the ancient Orient. Back of all these cults, the author sees the devil and his fallen

angels. Appearing at the beginning of an experience with these cults, as angels of light, they soon manifest their demonic character—as witness the “diakkas” of spiritualism and Mrs. Eddy’s “malignant animal magnetism.”

The author has a splendid chapter on “The Challenge to the Church” in which he refers briefly to the work of the Reverend Henry B. Wilson, and in which he analyzes and criticises the Emmanuel Movement. His answer to the challenge is that the Church should realize that God who formed the human body is the One to whom its care should be committed. He pleads for a return to the ancient faith of the Church and more especially for a life lived in accordance with the will of God as revealed in Holy Writ. A good bibliography adds to the value of the little volume.

F. C. H. W.

Spiritual Studies in St. Mark's Gospel. By the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, D.D., Milwaukee. Young Churchman Co., 1917.

All who read the Gospels for edification—we wish such persons were more in number—are under great obligation to Dr. Ritchie for his series of *Spiritual Studies*, now completed by these volumes on St. Mark. The method of treatment is to take a short passage, to quote the comments of three or four authors by way of exposition, and then to develop three thoughts in the manner of a meditation. The commentators most frequently employed are: Swete, Isaac Williams, Stier, Lange, and the Fathers. The “thoughts” show great spiritual insight, glow with a fervor of devotion; are withal intensely practical, and are clothed in language of great beauty. We urge our readers to buy and *use* these volumes.

C. C. E.

The Letter of Aristeeas. By H. St. J. Thackeray, M.A., pp. 117. London. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, New York. The Macmillan Co., 1917. Price \$1.00.

The author of this fine translation of one of the most difficult pieces of Hellenistic Greek is the same scholar who furnished the splendid Greek text of the Epistle of Aristeeas for Swete’s “Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek.” The work, as might have been expected from such an authority, is excellently done. The introduction is a masterly piece of work, going fully, though briefly, into everyone of the difficult questions raised by the Epistle. The story of the translation of the Pentateuch by the seventy-two elders sent from Jerusalem to Alexandria at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B. C.) is well known.

The Epistle claims to be the work of a contemporary; but its mistakes and anachronisms show this is impossible. It appears fair to give its real date as about 100 B. C., or some 150 years after Philadelphus. In an appendix, the translator has given a useful list of the evidence of some ancient Jewish and Christian writers on the origin of the Septuagint Version.

F. C. H. W.

The Biblical Antiquities of Philo. By M. R. James, D.Litt., F.B.A., London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, New York. The Macmillan Co., 1917. pp. 280. Price \$3.00.

Dr. James has given the public an excellent translation of an old literary curiosity. This work is a Biblical History from the Creation of the World to the Reign of King David. With the actual words of the Bible, which are indicated in italics, are given many old Jewish legendary traditions, that make up the bulk of the book. These are such as the names of the twelve sons and eight daughters of Adam, after he begot Seth, the wife of Cain, the sons and daughters of other Antediluvians, the population of the earth at the time of Noah's death, 914,000, a long legend of the building of the Tower of Babel, the legend of Kenaz, son of Caleb, given here as the first of the Judges. These examples give an idea of the fictions and legends incorporated in the work.

In his valuable Introduction, the translator gives a full account of this curious work and of the M.S.S. extant. He comes to the conclusion that it is not by Philo Judaeus, of whose style and method it, indeed, shows no trace, but is falsely ascribed to him. The date of the original is certainly after 70 A. D. Linguistic evidence points to a Greek original, which may—in its turn—have been translated from the Hebrew. Valuable parallels with the Books of Enoch, of the Jubilees, of Baruch, and of Esdras are given, as also indications of contacts with the New Testament. Two appendices, one on the vocabulary of the Latin text, and a copious index add materially to the value of the work.

F. C. H. W.

Religions of the Past and Present. Edited by Dr. J. A. Montgomery. 8vo, pp. 450. Philadelphia, Pa., J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.58 net.

These University of Pennsylvania Lectures give evidence of the exceptional ability of the staff of the Department of the History of Religions. The fourteen lectures are, naturally, not of equal value. Yet the great majority maintain a high standard of scholarship, are generally

accurate, and show great facility of illuminative and intelligible presentations of difficult and technical subjects. Of course the brief compass in which a vast subject matter had to be treated has compelled the lecturer to omit much we should have liked to see incorporated. Thus Professor Edgerton in his lecture on the Vedas has given but the most meagre account of the popular religion of the Atharva-Veda. Professor Speck has condensed and cut down his material in his most interesting lecture on "Primitive Religion" to the barest essentials, when the reader would long for further instruction from one evidently the master of his subject. Professor Müller's lecture on "The Egyptian Religion" is good, quite correct in general outline; but too brief. Much is omitted that we regret, e. g., the *Ennead* of Heliopolis, the first attempt to give coherence to the pantheon, and which attained to national acceptance; also the *Ogdoad* of Chmunu-Hermopolis. Likewise some account of the "solar Monotheism" of Amenhatop IV would have seemed desirable. Professor Jastrow's account of "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria" we consider as altogether the best lecture in the volume. His lecture on "Mohammedanism" also deserves high praise though it is not quite as lucid. The professor's position as one of the foremost Semitic scholars in the world insures his accuracy; and he has the rare gift of presenting his knowledge in an untechnical manner. We regret to say that Professor Montgomery's lecture on "Hebrew Religion" is one of the weakest in the volume. He does not even state that this Religion claims to be *the* Revelation of God. In fact he seems to deny this claim when he says: "Where the other sacred volumes are theologies, metaphysics, revelations, the Old Testament is primarily a history." We fear that his opinion is too deeply biased by radical criticism, to read the plain evidence that the scriptures themselves offer. Professor Edgerton's lectures on "The Religion of the Vedas," "Buddhism" and "Brahmanism and Hinduism" constitute the best presentation of the religions of India that we have ever seen, reduced to so small a compass. Yet all of the essentials are set forth with great lucidity and with wonderful skill in condensation. Professor Kent's treatment of "Zoroastranism" is an excellent statement of an important and interesting faith. Professor Hyde and Professor Hadzsits, lecturing on the Religions of Greece and Rome, have given us most illuminative accounts of religions with which most of us would have considered ourselves quite familiar. Yet in these apparently hackneyed fields the research of the past ten or fifteen years has wrought a notable revolution. Professor Johnson's study of the "Religion of the Teutons" is of deep and timely interest, especially in view of the fact that this ancient faith has been the inspir-

ation of such leaders of German thought as Felix Dahn, the poet, and Nietzsche, the philosopher, and strong hints have been thrown out that it would be a preferable religion for Germans to Christianity. It passes our comprehension why "Early Christianity" and "Mediaeval Christianity" should be treated as separate religions. The former lecture, by Professor Newbold we consider entirely inadequate and, by far, the weakest in the volume. From the Catholic viewpoint the whole treatment is mistaken. It seems almost incredible that a reading of the New Testament, of St. Clement of Rome, St. Ignatius, St. Irenaeus, and St. Cyprian of Carthage could have left on the mind of the lecturer the impression that he gives us. No distinction is made between orthodox and heretical views. We cannot, of course, agree with the writer that the writings of Philo and "Hermetic" Books exercised any appreciable influence on orthodox Christian theology. The concluding lecture on "Mediaeval Christianity" by Professor Howland is more satisfactory, though the development of the papacy is not adequately treated; and this was as conspicuous a feature of the period as Monasticism, on which more stress is laid.

On the whole the book is valuable. We might have preferred a clear separation between Ethnic and Revealed Religions; but this seems to have lain outside of the plan of the lectures. For the ethnic religions, however, we know of no volume that gives in the same brief compass anything quite so adequate, scholarly, and illuminative as these lectures.

F. C. H. W.

The Note Book of an American Parson in England. The Rev. G. Monroe Royce, 1918. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.00.

Stimulated by the statement of the publishers on the paper envelope of this book, as well as by its excellent and promising title, one opens it prepared for a feast—and is disappointed.

The writer, having obtained the Archbishop of Canterbury's license, spent six years in the Province of Canterbury (and occasionally made an excursion into the Northern Province) as a supply, or, in his own pungent phrase, "a guinea pig." The opportunities thus afforded might have been written into a thoroughly diverting or instructive book of notes and comments, but it is something else, just what is not easy to say. This is because of the lack of unity apparent throughout, for the book is a hodge-podge of comment and criticism and of matters only remotely associated with its apparent object, which leaves the reader in somewhat the same state mentally as he would be in physically if he were to sit

down to a promised banquet, at which he got nothing but *hors d'oeuvres* of second-rate quality.

There is, to be specific in our fault-finding, rather too much of the author, and then considerably too much of his personal views—which are vague and not especially interesting. Then the whole book is carelessly written, a number of inexcusable split infinitives larding a rather too cursory style. A greater number of extracts than space permits for the importance of the subject under review would be necessary to bring out what is meant. A few must suffice. Here is one of the slipshod bits:

"It was one of the most ancient in England, a veritable Saxon edifice if there be any left standing in Great Britain—which there is not." (p. 41.)

The following group will indicate something of the extraordinary point of view.

"... as preacher and pastor, or parish priest, to use the awkward and meaningless form of expression now almost universal." (p. 52.)

"Bishops Gore and Talbot, however much they may be wanting in orthodoxy, and however much offense they may give by their extreme Ritualistic views, have set examples of self-denial to the Episcopate and to the whole Church, that their critics should seriously ponder before a final condemnation." (p. 55.)

"We are not monks and nuns, nor are we conventional saints of any kind, nor do we wish to lead the saintly life." (p. 84.)

"... throwing off my surplice and *with my cassock still on*, rushed into the church,..." (Italics mine. Just what kind of churchman thinks it odd that he should not remove his cassock before going into church? p. 121.)

"... and determined to celebrate my good fortune by taking a night out. (i.e., Saturday night). I came home late, did not turn out for the early service (this is a church he was supplying; he is celebrating roping in a strange priest, a visitor, for sermon and "early service") and my new-found friend was awaiting me in the vestry room when I arrived for the mid-day service. ..." (p. 123.)

On the whole the "Note Book of an American Parson" is a rather contemptible performance; even as a record of observation it falls pretty flat when compared with a really adequate piece of similar work like Sir Frederick Treves' "Highways and Byeways in Dorset."

H. S. W.